

THE
K O R A N:

O R,

ESSAYS, SENTIMENTS, CHA-
RACTERS, AND CALLIMACHIES,

O F

TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO,

M. N. A.

OR MASTER OF NO ARTS.

V O L. II.

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WHETHER any of the following thoughts or remarks have been conceived by others, before me, or no, I cannot pretend to say; for, as they spontaneously occurred to my mind, I minuted them down, without ever taking the trouble of inquiring into their origin or derivation.

And in truth, a labour of this kind would have been infinite and uncertain—for it is almost impossible, after all, for any person who reads much, and reflects a good deal, to be able, upon every occasion, to determine whether a thought was

another's, or his own. Nay, I declare, that I have several times quoted sentences out of my own writings, in aid of my own arguments in conversation; thinking that I was supporting them by some better authority.

For my own part, I do affirm, that it would afford me a most flattering pleasure to find them all imputed--For, as I can truly acquit my conscience of the least manner of plagiarism, this very coincidence of sentiment and opinions, would serve to prove the justness of them, pretty nearly--as two clocks which chime together, very probably mark the right hour of the day--for the degrees of error are so numerous and various, while the point of truth is but *simplex duntaxat, et unum*, that the odds must be manifold, that no two irregular agents shall exactly hit upon the same false measure.

But that nothing is new under the sun,

was declared by Solomon some years ago: and it is impossible to provide against evils that have already come to pass. So that I am sure I have reason to cry out, with Donatus, apud Jerom—

Pereant, qui, ante nos, nostra dixerunt.

For I have ever wrote without study, books, or example, and yet have been charged with having borrowed this hint from Rabelais, that from Montaigne, another from Martinus Scriblerus, etc. without having ever read the first, or remembered a word of the latter.

So that, all we can possibly say of the most original authors, now-a-days, is not, that they say any thing new, but only that they are capable of saying such and such things themselves, “if they had never been said before them.”

But as monarchs have a right to call in the specie of a state, and raise its value,

by their own impression; so are there certain prerogative geniuses, who are above plagiaries—who cannot be said to steal, but, from their improvement of a thought, rather to borrow it, and repay the commonwealth of letters with interest again; and may more properly be said to adopt, than to kidnap, a sentiment, by leaving it heir to their own fame.

I do not pretend to class myself among such privileged wits—I never borrow, lest I should not be able to pay—but have only made the above remark, to shew the candour of my own criticism upon all such occurrences as these.

It may, perhaps, be requisite here to explain a new term I have made use of in the title-page of this part of my work. The word Callimachies I have framed from Callimachus, the name of a Greek poet, of whom it is said, that he had written above eight hundred elegant poems, which

were all comprehended 'in about five hundred pages.

I was pleased with this character of his works.—I hate your *scriptus et in tergo* authors — and have therefore taken the liberty of denominating all concise or sententious writings Callimachies, after his name. I thought it adviseable to give this definition of the word, lest the Critical Reviewers should derive it from the French phrase Gallimatias.—

I like this manner of writing extremely.—It is really being too hard upon the public, “to turn over a new leaf with them,” upon an old score, continually.—And whenever my bookseller, who buys by the bulk—and such works deserve to remain on it—obliges me to augment my pages, I generally contrive to give the reader some new subject—or none at all—which does as well, as it serves equally for amusement to find one out.

But, indeed, if the editor of these *loose sheets* — I don't mean immodest ones — would take my advice, for his own profit, he would by no means publish them at all — but sell them privately, to some of the wit-less authors of the present age, who have attained to a certain knack of writing, both in prose and verse, without matter, fancy, or invention —

*Without one thought to interrupt the
song.*

This collection, then, might, perhaps, serve to embellish their works, and help them off the bulk a little.

Farewell, neighbour. —

TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO.

THE KORAN.

CALLIMACHIES, etc.

1. A PERSON may not merit favour, as that is only the claim of man, but can never demerit charity, for that is the command of God.

2. In Sophocles, Jocasta prays to the Lycian Apollo, and says, "That she came to his temple, because it was the nearest." This was but a sorry compliment to his godship.—It is the same, however, that people generally pay to religion; who abide by the doctrines and faith they have been bred up in, merely to save themselves the trouble of seeking farther.

3. *Inveni portum—Spes et fortuna valete—*

Sat me lussis—Ludite nunc alios.

There is a bad moral expressed here, in the word *Ludite*.—I would have said

rather *parcite*.—The writer did not deserve *invenire portum*.

4. There is a great stiffness in the style and manner of Pliny's Epistles. This was his character throughout; for he professes himself an admirer of evergreens, clipt into the shapes of men and other animals. I think, that Orrery was a fitter translator for him than Melmoth, for that reason.

5. Political and natural connexions are different ideas. I look upon all ties of affinity, or consanguinity merely, to be of the first kind. Love and friendship form the only natural alliances.

6. There is no such thing as an impartial representation. A looking-glass, one might be apt to imagine, was an exception to this proposition; and yet we never see our own faces justly in one. It gives us nothing but the translations of them. A mirror even reverses our features, and presents our left hand for our right. This is an emblem of all personal reflections.

7. I prefer a private to a public life. For I love my friends, and therefore love but few.

8. The confinement of the unity of time,

in the drama, forces the poet often to violate nature, in compliment merely to the appearance of truth. For he must be obliged to compress actions within the compass of three hours, which, in the ordinary course of things, would require the leisure of as many days, perhaps years, to bring to pass.

A play is but an acted novel, of about three hours reading, and should not be restrained within the limits of any given time, in the story, though the representation ought not to exceed the usual one.

9. Impatience is the principal cause of most of our irregularities and extravagancies. I would sometimes have paid a guinea to be at some particular ball or assembly, and something has prevented my going there. After it was over, I would not give a shilling to have been there.

I would pay a crown at any time for a venison ordinary. But, after having dined on beef or mutton, I would not give a penny to have had it venison.

Think frequently on this reflection, ye giddy, and ye extravagant.

10. There is such a torture, happily un-

known to ancient tyranny, as talking a man to death. Marcus Aurelius advises to assent readily to great talkers—in hopes, I suppose, to put an end to the argument.

An epitaph on the unlamented death of a talkative old maid. By myself.

Here lieth the body of M. B. spinster, aged forty-three, who on the 10th day of August 1764, became silent.

11. A tragic writer can call spirits from the vasty deep, and reanimate the dead.

12. Mr. Guthrie, in his Essay on Tragedy, distinguishes between a poet and a genius. He must have meant only rhymers, versifiers, or poetasters; for I will not admit a person to be a poet without a genius.

13. One does not require nor think of a fire, often, in spring or autumn; yet I don't know how it is, but when we have happened by chance to pass near one, the sensation it communicates is so pleasant, that we feel ourselves rather inclined to indulge it.

This is analogous to temptation—and the moral is, “keep away from the fire.”

— — Who venture in,
Have half acquiesced in the sin.

This is the sentiment of some poet; but I can not make out the distich. Nor is it at all material; for that sentence must be poor, indeed, that owes its merit to its metre.—Weight, not measure, is the proper standard of true sterling.

14. Custom is too apt to obtain a sanction, by becoming a second nature. This should be admitted only in indifferent matters; for, in others, use only renders abuse familiar, and makes custom the more reprehensible.

15. Persons of sense foresee a crisis, and temporize with occasion. Short-sighted people never comply, till occasion becomes necessity—and then it is often too late.

16. Some folk think it sufficient to be good Christians without being good men—so spend their lives in whoring, drinking, cheating—and praying.

17. Some people pass through life soberly and religiously enough, without knowing why, or reasoning about it—but, from force of habit merely, go to heaven like fools.

18. Mechanical Christians make an office of their pews, for the dispatch of business.

19. Going to prayer with bad affections, is like paying one's levee in an undress.—

There is a great deal of species of wit, in many admired writings, where the simile falls short of the comparison.—

20. Religion was too abstracted before the coming of our Saviour. But the clothing the Divinity with matter, hath presented us with a sensible object of our adoration—which was absolutely necessary to attract the devotion of the many.—For a philosophic religion is a religion—for a philosopher only.

21. Marcus Aurelius says, that he had learned from Apollinus, “not to be impatient when his arguments happen not to be apprehended.”—

I think there is a reason, besides the philosophic one, for this—A person ought rather to triumph upon the advantages of superiour knowledge or understanding; which should incline him more to pity than resentment.

22. People who are always taking care

of their health, are like misers, who are hoarding up a treasure which they have never spirit enough to enjoy.

23. When I see good men dying often, while worthless fellows are suffered to live, I feel the force of that passage in the Psalms most emphatically—"The Lord wishes not the death of a sinner."

24. The nibbling of critics, like the mites in cheese, depreciate a work to some, but enrich it to others. Quere?

25. Men tire themselves in pursuit of rest. The reply of Callisthenes to Alexander, may be here applied—Was it Callisthenes, or—? Not material—though some literary blockheads would, perhaps, make a bustle about it.

26. It is an impious prostitution of the sacrament, to administer it to the adulterer, the oppressor, or as a test, merely by way of qualification for some temporal office. Those only should be admitted to the communion, who qualify themselves for the next world—not those who receive it solely for this.

27. Titles of honour are like the impressions on coins—which add no value

to gold and silver, but only render brass current.

28. There is no such thing as real happiness in life. The justest definition that was ever given of it, was, "A tranquil acquiescence under an agreeable delusion."
—I forget where.

29. I have known many men who have worn out what little sense had been born with them, long before their deaths—but yet, having been trained up in office business, or some mechanical trade—as the army, or the church—continued to pass through them still, like children in a go-cart, without either suspecting themselves, or being detected by others.

If you slice off the head of a turkey-cock after it has been once set a running, it will continue to keep striding on, in the same stalking gait, for several yards, before it drops.

I have known several people pass through life, plausibly enough, with as little brains as an headless turkey-cock.

30. It was an apt saying of Epicurus,
"*Stultus semper incipit vivere.*"

31. Swift's love-song, in the modern taste, beginning,

“Fluttering, spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
I a slave in thy dominions—
Nature must give way to art,”

was not a whit too *outré*, upon the prettily worded nonsense of our lyrics and sunneteers.

I happened to be looking over my daughter's music-book this morning, and met with several celebrated songs, performed with vast applause at Ranelagh and Vauxhall, which have been penned since that cautionary ode had appeared in the world—where the authors not having the fear of Swift before their eyes—and in utter contempt of our sovereign lord the poet-laureat—such horrid murders as these have been wilfully perpetrated, *viz.*

One lover begins, in open defiance of the laws, thus—

“Have you *not* seen the sun,
When sunk beneath the hills?
Then have you seen my Molly fair,” etc.

which, being interpreted, is exactly this — --“ Provided that you have never happened *to see the sun*, when it had *become invisible*, then I will admit that you might have seen my *Molly fair*, who beats the sun—*out of sight*.”

Another poet bewitched, too sublime for groveling nonsense, elevates his passion at once into a crime.—For, concluding a verse with this position, that

“Friendship with woman is *sister* to love,”

he commits a *poetical incest* at once—flapdash.

But the genius that pleased and puzzled me the most, was the author of the following stanza:

“Come, take your *glasses*,
The northern lass
So *prettily* advised—
I took *my glasses*,
And really was
Agreeably *surprised*.”

Upon which arise two questions, equally interesting, to be resolved here— —name—

ly. What was the glass? and what the surprise?

The latter, indeed, he lets us into the secret of, in the next verse— —which happens to be the lass's beauty—and we are to suppose this to have been the very first time he had ever seen it— —by his being so much surprised at the sight.—But then, why, not surprised before he had taken his glass, as well as after?— —Which leads us to the solution of the first question, What manner of glass this was?

Here the commentators differ extremely—one sect affirming it to have been a magnifying glass—which had surprisingly increased the dimensions of those charms, which had appeared nothing remarkable to the naked eye before.

Another opinion, and to which, I confess, I more incline, as being the most orthodox, is, that it must have been a drinking glass.— —That the northern lass, being somewhat chilly, had challenged our poet to take *a bout* with her,—and had bumpered him into a sort of Scotch—or second fight—or, in other words, had plied him up to that pitch of potation,

when men are said to see double — by which means it became a multiplying glass — which must have increased the number of her charms to so agreeably surprising a degree, as the lover appears to have been so enraptured at.

And what serves, in my opinion, to render this the more natural interpretation of the difficulty, is, that philosophy has observed, in proportion as men grow warm with wine, their penchant towards the act of multiplication grows stronger and stronger.

32. Zed led a sort of zig-zag life, gaining his points by indirect courses, as a ship makes her voyage, by tacks, in an adverse wind.

33. *Varium et mutabile semper foemina.*

VIRG.

These epithets are said to be synonymous. — — I think not. — — The first expression alludes to the temper, and the second regards the affections.

34. A reflection on the shortness and vanity of human life:

I never see a man cock his hat, but I

think of my poor father, who has been long dead; and am apt to cry out, as becomes a philosopher— —“What signifies cocking one’s hat?”

35. I never knew but one person who interfered between man and wife, either with safety or success. Upon a domestic *pro* and *con* once between the parties, that was rising even to blows, a friend of mine, who happened to be by, hit the husband a stroke with his right hand, crying, “Be quiet, you brute;” and struck the woman at the same time with his left, saying, “Hold your tongue, you vixen.” Then repeating his moral admonitions and friendly buffets, with a “Peace, you monster—Have done, you termagant—Hands off, you coward—Retire, you virago”—a fit of shame and laughing seized them both at the same time, at such extraordinary and impartial an umpirism: they shook hands immediately, and became good friends for the rest of their lives.

36. Poets should turn philosophers in age, as Pope did. We are apt to grow chilly, when we sit out our fire.

37. A certain person expressed himself

once very happily (in making an apology for his epicurism), by saying, that “he had unfortunately contracted an ill habit of living well.”

38. The more tickets you have in a lottery, the worse your chance. And it is the same of virtues, in the lottery of life.

39. “*Tot homines, tot sententiae.*”—It cannot then be deemed partiality or prejudice, to prefer one’s own opinion to that of others.—If you can please but one person in the world, why should you not give the preference to yourself?

So much for the sport of fancy. But I should rather give the preference to another. It is impossible for faith to conceive, without having felt it, the superiour pleasure of loving another person better than one’s self.

40. Attornies are to lawyers, what apothecaries are to physicians—only that they do not deal in *scruples*.

41. Writings of wit or genius, in the present times, is but lighting a candle to the blind.—It supplies them only with a glare, but affords them no view.

42. The definition of the Godhead is,

“That his intelligence requires no reasoning—Neither propositions, premises, nor deductions, are necessary to him. He is purely intuitive. Sees equally what every thing is possible to be.—All truths are but one idea only. All space but a single point, and eternity itself but an instant.”

This is a truly philosophic idea of the Godhead, and is suited to it alone, in one very peculiar sense—that any being less than infinite, would be rendered miserable by such endowments. Reasoning, investigation, progressive knowledge, hopes, completions, variety, society, etc. would be at an end.

The sole pleasures of such a being, if not God, must be those of a brute—reduced to sensuality alone. This must have been the state of your demigods, if ever there had been any such—your bull and swan Jupiters—your swine-wallowing Bacchuses—your B-lt-m-e Plutoes—etc.

43. A clever fellow.—The word clever is an adjunct, in which all the learned languages are deficient.—There is no expression in any of them, which conveys the comprehensive idea of this epithet.

May we not from hence suppose, that the character here intended, as well as the expression, is peculiar to these kingdoms?—And, indeed, it is in a land of liberty only that a man can be completely clever.

44. How shocking to humanity, to see the picture of religion besmeared with superstition, justice blooded with cruelty, and love stained with lust!

45. A tree is to be judged by its fruit, not its blossoms—Quere—

46. There was a book lately published, styled, “Of the future lives of brutes,” which gave great offence to your divines. I cannot see why. The only fault I found with it was, that it was but poorly written.

Is there only such a proportion of salvation in the gift of Providence, that parsons need be jealous of the participation? To suppose the inferiour animals of the creation to be endowed with souls, must presuppose our own to be out of all dispute.

There is certainly a remarkable difference in the morals of all the domestic animals, even of the same species. The beasts

of the desert we will suppose to be uniformly vicious. We will suppose also, that these are to be the devils of brutes in the four-footed Tartarus.

47. *O navis! referent te, etc.*

The comparing a commonwealth to a ship, is one of the justest allusions in politics that can be imagined.— — But this simile is more peculiarly adapted to Great Britain, than to any other state in the world; as it has a double right to it, both as an island, and the first maritime power, both in naval strength and commerce.

Whenever, therefore, I hear of our entering into a Continental war, I think I see the brave tars dragging their ships through the streets of London, and begging their bread, like the Thames boatmen in the time of a frost; or drawn up from the sea-coasts, through Flanders, to be used as scaling-ladders, or battering rams, against the walls of Fontenoy, Ghent, or Bruges.

48. I had a patron once, who used to publish his kind intentions towards me to the world, and so paid himself beforehand, without waiting for a reversion from gratitude.

A generous mind may be compared to the Latin dative, which has no preceding article, and does not declare its case, till it comes to the termination.

Is there not such a proverb a “working for a dead horse?” This was the case. As he had already paid himself, the work went slowly on—and is not finished yet.

49. I have such aversion to ill temper, that I could sooner forgive my wife adultery, than crossness. I cannot taste Cassio’s kiss on her lips; but I can see a frown on her brow.

50. I have so great a contempt and detestation for meanness, that I could sooner make a friend of one who had committed murder, than of a person who could be capable, in any instance, of the former vice.

Under meanness, I comprehend dishonesty—under dishonesty, ingratitude—under ingratitude, irreligion—and under this latter, every species of vice and immorality in human nature.

51. There are many ways of inducing sleep—The thinking of purling rills, or waving woods—Reckoning of numbers—Droppings from a wet sponge, fixed over

a brass pan, etc.—But temperance and exercise answer much better than any of these succedaneums.

52. Live to learn, and learn to live—Quaint.

53. I have an higher opinion of the sense and virtue of women—and ever had—than men, or even women themselves, generally have.

54. Death is only terrible to us, as a change of state.—Let us then live so, as to make it only a continuation of it, by the uniform practice of charity, benevolence and religion, which are to be the exercises of the next life—unless we are to be as idle and worthless there, as the gods of Lucretius.

55. I would rather go barefoot, than do a dishonest thing.—Better to have one's feet dirty, than their hands.—Whose style is this?

56. Some peers of my acquaintance put me in mind of a person I once knew, whose name, names, or *nomen multitudinis*, was, Caesar Augustus, Gustavus Adolphus, Mark Anthony, Timothy Keeling—dancing-master.

57. It shocks me to think how much mischief almost every man may do, who will but resolve to do all he can.

58. To frame a *corps de reserve* of the ugliest and most misshapen men, and a body of Amazons too, of the same stamp, trained to war, to be sent upon the service of the forlorn hope, would, methinks, be a vast improvement in tactics.

Persons under such descriptions must be more prodigal of life than others—and would, besides, be a less loss to the community. The *Feri faciem* won Pharsalia, because poor Pompey's troops happened, unfortunately, to have been handsome fellows.—But if his legions had been formed, or deformed, out of the above corps, Caesar might, perhaps, have had reason to be sorry that he had ever passed the Rubicon.

There is also something terrifying in the ugliness of an enemy. One is apt to expect less humanity, mercy, or quarter, from such physiognomies. “*Novitate aspectus, milites perculsi,*” says Tacitus. Kill, or be killed, seems, in this case, the only word of action.

From hence such persons are styled frightful—that is, apt to create fears in others. The King of Prussia seemed to have conceived such a philosophic notion as this, when he framed the regiment of death in the last war.

59. Our doctors say, that the dead shall rise again with bodies. This notion appears to be an article of faith, agreeable rather to the doctrine of a Mahometan priest, than a Christian divine.

It would be unphilosophic to suppose, that flesh and blood shall lose their properties after resurrection—nor, indeed, to do them justice, is it pretended.—And if so I'll answer for it, that the Turkish scheme of paradise will be the practice, though all the metaphysics of a Christian should be the faith.

60. Physicians ought never to drink.—Whenever any distemper affects themselves, they always call in foreign aid—thinking, very justly, that the slightest disorder might impair the judgment. And yet, methinks, a man may be able to preserve his senses much better, in the first stages of a fever, than after a bottle of wine.

61. The preachers abroad, use so much gesture and action in their delivery, that the congregation becomes an audience, the moment the text is given out— —for they imagine themselves to be present at Aeschylus's theatre, where the speeches were all spoken, with correspondent gesticulation, from a pulpit.

62. We may imitate the deity in all his attributes; but mercy is the only one in which we can pretend to equal him. We cannot, indeed, give like God—but surely we may forgive like him.—This is the style in which South and Taylor quibble your souls to heaven.

63. The different judgments we are apt to frame upon the deaf and blind, with regard to their respective misfortunes, is owing to our seeing the blind generally in his best situation, and the deaf in his worst—namely, in company. The deaf is certainly the happier of the two, when they are each alone.

64. An epicure desires but one dish; a glutton would have two.

65. An atheist is more reclaimable than a papist— —as ignorance is sooner cured than superstition.

66. A sober man, when drunk, has the same kind of stupidity about him, that a drunken man has when he is sober.

67. The chaste mind, like a polished plane, may admit foul thoughts, without receiving their tincture.

68. Shakespear may be styled the oracle of nature. He speaks science without learning, and writes the language of the present times.

69. It is a great error in the political constitution of England, that the peerage is not limited. — The body itself would derive greater honour, respect and consequence, from such a restriction. At present, lords are as plenty in these kingdoms, as German counts and French marquisses abroad; or as the Polish nobility, who are reported to be two hundred thousand *strong* — — read *throng* — — and as little distinguished from the commonalty.

But this is not the particular that I most resent. — — I speak not as a lord, but as a commonwealth-man. — The increase of the peerage must soon destroy the great bulwark of the state, by over-balancing the weight of the commons. Men of the

largest fortunes obtain titles, and leave none but middling ones in the lower house. This reduces their importance and dignity.

And those who succeed these peers in parliament, are generally their brothers, their sons, or other dependents— — This increases the influence and sway of the upper house.— — So that the rule of *omne majus*, may, possibly, soon be as true in politics, as it is in philosophy.

The constituents are a restraint on their representatives, once, at least, in seven years.— — Too seldom! and if the crown should refuse its assent to wholesome laws, the commons can, in turn, withhold its revenues.

But the lords are independent of control.— — They may prevent the passing of any bill they please, and the community has no manner of redress against them. The king cannot unlord, nor the people unchoose them.

In ancient states, persons were honoured with a crown, for saving a nation. Coronets were not then conferred for destroying one. Nor are they now. I allude only to the twelve peers.

70. A certain person had once done me a signal piece of service, but had afterwards behaved himself very unworthily towards me. An occasion soon occurred, which put it into my power to requite his ill offices; and I was urged to take advantage of it by a friend of mine—or rather, an enemy of his.

I objected, That this man had formerly obliged and served me. True, he replied; but surely his ill-behaviour since that time, has sufficiently cancelled both the service and the obligation.

By no means. Merchants accompts are never to be admitted into the higher and more liberal commerce of friendship. A person who has once obliged, has put it out of his power ever after to disoblige us. The scripture has inculcated a precept, to forgive our enemies. How much stronger, then, must the text imply the forgiveness of our friends?

The disobligation, therefore, being thus cancelled by religion, leaves the obligation without abatement, in moral. A kindness can never be cancelled—not even by repaying it.

71. The advantages of academical learning, as far as it relates to the study of languages, is only this— —that the time and labour required to understand an author in the original, fixes the matter and reasoning stronger in our minds, than a cursory reading in their own language can be supposed to do. By which means, knowledge may be said to be inculcated into us.

Conversation, too, has the same effect. We remember the person, his figure, his very dress, the circumstances of time, place, etc. which all concur to fix the ideas in our minds. This would be a shorter and a pleasanter method of instruction; and why not practise it?

If the chief, which ought, in this case, to be the sole end of learning, be to teach us knowledge, science, and virtue, how are the dead languages necessary to that acquirement? *Ars longa, vita brevis*, is an old complaint. But the general method of education, which the superstition of our European universities keeps us still incumbered with, increases this evil, even beyond the natural state of it, by, in effect, lengthening art, and shortening life.

72. What persons are by starts, they are by nature. You see them, at such times, off their guard. Habit may restrain vice, and virtue may be obscured by passion— — but intervals best discover the man.

One must live intimately with people, to know them— —and it is not much for the honour of human nature, to say, that friendship subsists longer than love— —because the intercourse is not so frequent.

73. That virtue is its own reward, may be understood, not only in a moral, but an orthodox sense of the words also. For, according to our divines, that virtue which proceeds from a mere natural good disposition, or a regard to ethic beauty only, is so far from having any merit with God, that it is made a doubt, by the thirteenth article of our faith, whether it does not partake of the nature of sin.

So that mere simple virtue, according to this opinion, must take up with its concomitant pleasure for its reward— —as no action, which does not spring wholly from a religious principle, and is not dictated, either by our love or obedience to God— —and does not direct itself, either ac-

tually or virtually, immediately, to his glory, can be, in the least degree, entitled to the promises of the gospel.

And those miserable sinners, Socrates, Plato, Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius, while they ignorantly meant to have heaped benefits upon mankind, were, it seems, according to this same thirteenth article, but heaping coals of fire upon their own heads.

So that, were a bishop, now-a-days, to take the trouble of converting one of such fellows as these, he ought to begin by stripping him stark-naked of all charity, benevolence and virtue, and after he had been left for some time to cool in that situation, then put him out to school, to some clerk of a parish, to be taught them all over again anew.

I hope that the right reverend fathers of the church will now think me sufficiently orthodox, in this passage, to entitle me to a deanry at least.

74. Socrates, in the Phedon, makes a great difference between virtue and habit, with regard to the allotments hereafter. He says, That a person who behaves well,

from a moral principle, shall be entitled to an infinitely higher reward, than one who fills up the same measure of duty, merely from use or exercise.

This is a fine reflection in a Pagan. The Christian divines carry their distinction much farther, by giving the same advantage to religion over morals, that Socrates does to morals over habit.

75. When the different species of animals are not distinguishable throughout, as, the ass, the mule, from the horse—the monkey, the baboon, from the man—they are apt to shock and disgust our sight.

The different sexes, too, in human nature, should be as strongly marked as possible, for the same reason. An effeminate man, or a masculine woman, are still more offensive than the former instances—because they hurt a moral too. *Hic mulier* and *haec vir*, are unnatural concords.

76. I take the errors and absurdities of the Roman catholic tenets and doctrines to have arisen merely from this—That as soon as the Christian religion came to make its way in the world, to be estab-

lished in governments, and endowed with lands, benefices, jurisdictions, and other temporal emoluments, certain deists, or moral heathens, began to attack the church, as a mere political institution, framed to overturn states and kingdoms—urging, that there appeared to have been no sort of necessity for a revelation, which had advanced nothing new, or unknown to mankind before, from the pure light of nature and philosophy.

Thus, then, the best evidence of its divine origin—its being but a more rational, compact, and refined system of ethics, introduced with humility, recommended with meekness, and practised with mortification and self-denial—neither enforced with worldly power, nor subversive of any laws, natural, moral, or political—was pleaded against it.

Upon which the councils of priests, in those days, alarmed for their temporal estates, power, and dominion, began together, in the devil's name, and put every text of scripture on the rack, to confess articles of faith and practice, of such extraordinary natures as the light of reason

could never have dictated, and which were directly contrary to whatever its logic could ever have submitted to—such as, infallibility, transubstantiation, supererogation, absolution, indulgence, dissolving of allegiance, temporal jurisdiction, inquisition, corporal penances, and propagating the gospel of peace and mercy by the arguments of fire and sword. The infidels were nonsuited upon this.

77. Algebra is the metaphysics of arithmetic.

78. The stumbling-block of the Jews, was their mistaking the second coming of the Messiah in glory, for his first appearance in obscurity. They had conceived such a vain notion of their deliverer, that they scorned to submit their faith to a private person, when they expected an earthly king.

They may, perhaps, plead some excuse for this mistake at first—but they appear really to have been a perverse and stiff-necked generation of infidels, who did not submit themselves to the church of Rome, when the Popes had established

their temporal kingdom, their absolute dominion over all the powers of Europe, and shewed them, according to their own opinions, the triumphant state of Christ upon earth.

79. A supplement to Bacon's mythology of the ancients— —

Perhaps the fable of Jupiter's supplanting his father Saturn, the first of all the gods, might have arisen from a corruption of the tradition handed down from Adam, that the Son of God was the Creator of the world, and all animated beings therein— —which, in the dark ages of ignorance in divine mysteries, might have been interpreted as a superseding of God the Father's power, and usurping the heavens.

80. Another.

Perhaps the story of Prometheus creating man, bringing fire from heaven to animate him— —his attempting the chastity of Pallas, and being condemned to severe pains in consequence of these acts— —might have alluded to the Logos regenerating human nature, informing it with the Holy Spirit, its entering into the Vir-

gin's womb, and suffering the passion, for the redemption of the world.

81. Another.

I wonder much, that those mystic divines who are fond of deducing types of Christianity out of the Pagan mythology, have never made an allusion, from Cerberus, with his three heads, to the Pope, and his triple crown.

The first guarded the entrance into the Elysian fields, and the latter assumes the keys of St. Peter—the power of absolution, excommunication, etc.

82. Another.

In the heathen mythology, reported by Avienus in his celestial history, Jupiter is said to have placed Hercules next to himself in the heavens, with his heel bruising the great serpent's head, that had kept possession of the garden.—Apply this.

83. Learning is the dictionary, but sense the grammar of Science.

84. Art and Science are words frequently made use of, but the precision of which is so rarely understood, that they are often mistaken for one another.

I don't like any of the definitions of

the schools. I met with a distinction, somewhere, once, comparing science to wit, and art to humour; but it has more of fancy than philosophy in it. It serves to give us, however, some idea of the difference between them, though no idea of either.

I think that science may be styled the knowledge of universals, or abstract wisdom; and art is science reduced to practice—or science is reason, and art the mechanism of it—and may be called practical science. Science, in fine, is the theorem, and art the problem.

I am aware that this objection will be made—that poetry is deemed an art, and yet it is not mechanical. But I deny it to be an art—neither is it a science. Arts and sciences may be taught—poetry cannot. But poetry is inspiration—it was breathed into the soul, when it first quickened, and should neither be styled art or science, but genius.

85. He who desires more than will supply the competencies of life, except for the sole purposes of charity, respects others more than himself. For he pays an expen-

five compliment to the world—as all beyond the first requisites is expended merely to attract the admiration, or provoke the envy of his neighbours.

86. Sir Thomas More, and other remarkable persons, have been censured for behaving too lightly at the point of death. But perhaps there is a certain heaviness of heart, that may occasion a lightness of head, and give people the appearance of a bravery which they do not feel—like that kind of temerity with which cowards are sometimes inspired by despair.

As this may be the case, a neglect of a proper gravity and decorum, upon so serious and interesting an occasion, should no more be imputed to them as a fault, than the deliriums of a fever.

I speak not here against Christian resignation, or philosophic composure, upon such a crisis.

87. I agree with Erasmus, on the subject of the Trinity—*Satis est credere*. And therefore shall never perplex myself, either with philosophizing or theologizing about the matter.

88. Positiveness is a most absurd foible.

If you are in the right, it lessens your triumph: if in the wrong, it adds shame to your defeat.

89. A singular person may be compared to a monster—more admired at, than esteemed.

90. Desire in youth is a passion—in age a vice—While it solicits us, it is pardonable— —but when we pimp for it— —O shameful!

91. Friends may be compared to wine—the new more pure, and every drop is potable:—the old more rich—but there are apt to subside some dregs of age. Quere?

92. Writings may be compared to wine. Sense is the strength, but wit the flavour. No quere.

93. St. Evremond is the best modern ancient I ever read.

94. Probably providence has implanted peevishness and ill temper in sick and old persons, in compassion to the friends or relations who are to survive; as it must naturally lessen the concern they might otherwise feel for their loss.

95. I prefer the Greek epigram to the Latin one. The first consists in a natural,

but not obvious thought, expressed with strength and delicacy. The latter has too much point and conceit in it: it has not the true simplicity of ancient wit.

Catullus wrote in the spirit of the former—Martial in the ghost of the latter. Almost all the moderns have generally imitated the Roman poet, because it is the easiest manner of writing—requiring less wit or genius. But the former style must be original, and is incapable of imitation; or must suffer the censure of Horace—

— — — — *Frustraque laborat.*

Ausus idem. — — — —

96. Shaftsbury would impose ridicule on us, as a test of truth. He is, I think, in general, but a slight writer. His arguments are weak, superficial, and inconclusive. He was, therefore, under the necessity of calling in the auxiliary of wit to his aid, but failed more remarkably in this resource too—for I think that he reasons even better than he jests.

97. Let your pleasures be of choice, not of course.

98. Marriage may be compared to the monster Lindamira-Indamoro, in Scriblerus—different minds united only by the body. But love resembles an hermaphrodite, where different sexes are informed with but one soul.

I ransacked all nature to find out more seemly allusions, to illustrate my position—but was obliged to take up with these, out of nature, after all.

99. I thought that to forgive our enemies, had been the highest effort of the heathen ethic—but that the returning good for evil, was an improvement of the Christian morality.

But I had the mortification to meet with the interloper Socrates, in Plato, enforcing the divine precept of loving our enemies. Perhaps for this reason, among others, he was styled by Erasmus, “a Christian before Christianity.”

100. There should always be a clause of divorce in the marriage covenant of princes, in case of barrenness, in order to prevent greater evils. For as poison has often been made a political use of upon such occasions, it might possibly be some

temptation to her Majesty to prescribe to herself a dose of adultery, *quantum sufficit*, in hope of removing obstructions. For a queen may have reason to cry out with Rachel, "Give me children, or I die."

This expedient may, perhaps, be a natural reason for so many kings, in history, having degenerated from the spirit and virtue of their imputed ancestry.

101. The English constitution of state is composed out of all the ancient politics—monarchy, aristocracy, democracy, and oligarchy—the king, nobles, commons, and privy council.

These several bodies temper and correct each other, like the four ingredients of punch—where, according to the good old catch,

"The sharp melts the sweet, and the
mild soothes the strong."

The first is the sugar, the second the water, the third the spirit, and the fourth the acid.

102. There is a maxim, that "it is better ten guilty should escape, than one innocent person suffer."

This I deny. Humanity, not policy, speaks this language. The impunity of even one villain is capable of doing more injury to society, than the loss of even more than one honest man.

The laws of war, though severe, are, however, founded in political justice. If the enemy has got possession of an outwork, no scruple is made of blowing up the rampart, though part of our own soldiery should be on duty there.

I feel myself shocked on the close of this paragraph. This is the first time of my life that ever I suffered my philosophy to plead against my humanity. *Sed fiat justitia*, for justice is humanity.

103. A man's fortune should be his rule for sparing, but not for spending. Extravagance may be supported, but not justified, by affluence.

104. A gallows, like the forbidden tree, gives at once both death and knowledge.

105. That truth is hid in a well, and that there is truth in wine, have both the same import—implying, that none but sober persons should be intrusted with a secret.

106. However arch I may be said to be in my hints, or free in my allusions, I never remember to have made use of any one loose or obscene expression in my life, and have always discountenanced it in others.

I have ever held the mysteries of the *bona dea* sacred— —and have so much of the Pagan in me, as to regard love as a deity— —which leads me to consider gross language to be a sort of heathen blasphemy.

107. *Date obolum Belisario.* I would not have given him a farthing. He deserved not to eat the bread he begged— —because he begged it. Was Belisarius a Christian?

108. Lucretius styles the intellect, *spiritus unguenti suavis*; and some other poet—for my memory is bad—calls it *flos Bacchi*. I say, that spare diet, and clear skies, are Apollo and the Muses.

109. A criticism, after the manner of Bentley:

*Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.*

JUVENAL.

Methinks I never read a poorer Latin sentence than this. *Habet* is not the proper verb here—It betokeneth possession, for which there happens to be no manner of application in this passage. *Est* should have been the verb — — changing the grammar.

Infelix paupertas is a false metaphor, and can only be supported by certain figurative modes of speech, which critics—or rather commentators—have framed upon the defects of ancient literature. *Durius* is an improper epithet here. It is expressive of a sensible quality only. *Pejor* should have been the comparative in this place.

In se—Superfluous expletive! This is one of the vices of metre.

Quam quod—Two adverbs, both monosyllables, and beginning with a double alliteration also. Bald!

Ridiculos homines. These words ought not to have been joined so close together in the same sentence. It renders the sibilation of their terminations offensive to the euphonic ear. Besides, it is quite ridiculous to apply that epithet in this place — — for poverty may perhaps render a

person contemptible, but it must be his own fault if it should ever make him ridiculous.

Facit. This is but a poor make-shift of a verb, and terminates the sentence weakly. *Reddit* would have been fuller, and more expressive.

110. A critical dissertation on *purpurea nix*, after the manner of commentators:

Purpurea nix, and *purpurei olores*, are expressions in the classics. It hath puzzled the annotators to account why snow or swans should assume the epithet of purple—and having no other way to solve the difficulty, resolved among themselves, that the ancients used to style all bright colours, *quicquid valde nitens*, purple.

But might not there have been a breed of swans among them of a real purple colour? Or, might not this description have been taken from the cygnets, which are generally of a fufky colour, inclining to purple, though *non valde nitens*?

Eric Pontoppidan, bishop of Bergen—not Apzoom—in his learned description of Norway, says that the north sea is blue.

*In mare purpureum violentior affluit
amnis.*

VIRG.

That the ice there is of the same colour, and was styled by the ancients, *coerulea glacies*—and that the snow on the tops of their mountains is also bluish, and is therefore commonly called *blabren*—that is, of a colour inclining to purple.

I expect that the republic of letters will acknowledge great obligations to me, for the ingenuity of the above criticism; as I do affirm it to be every way as learned and material as many volumes of commentations that, I am sorry to say, I have most stupidly and unprofitably sacrificed too much of my irretrievable and imputable time to.

111. To have a respect for ourselves, guides our morals; and to have a deference for others, governs our manners.

112. A regard to decency, and the common punctilioes of life, has been often serviceable in human society. It has kept many a married couple unseparated, and frequently preserves a neighbourly inter-

course, where love and friendship both have been wanting.

113. That ridiculous expression, in Lord Grimston's play of "Love in a hollow tree,"—

"Let's here repose our wearied limbs,
'till wearied more they be,"

may be supported by a passage in Horace "*fatigatum somno*"—and by another in Tibullus,

"*Illa meos somno lassos patefacit ocellos.*"

114. Of all knaves, your fools are the worst—because they rob you both of your time and temper.

115. It is not the force of friendship, but the prevalence of vice, that makes the moderns so often exceed that admirable rule of the ancients, *usque ad aras*—"Carry not your friendships beyond the altar."

116. A definition of what are generally styled bargains, is, the buying a bad commodity that you don't want, because you can get it cheaper than a good one when you do.

117. The ancients' manner of commemorating their gods, heroes, and friends, was by libations, not potations. Would it were the same among the moderns. Wine is often better spilt than drunk.

118. Lovers express themselves properly when they talk of an exchange of hearts. For this enchanting passion but commutes the characters of the sexes, by giving spirit to the nymph, and softness to the swain, mutually exchanging courage and timidity with each other.

119. Drink never changes, but only shews our natures.

120. All young animals are merry, and all old ones grave. An old woman is the only ancient animal that ever is frisky.

121. A moral, in the style of Seneca: It is better to do the idlest thing in the world, than to sit idle for half an hour.

122. When a misfortune is impending, I cry, God forbid—but when it falls upon me, I say, God be praised.

123. Courage and modesty are the most unequivocal virtues—because they are such as hypocrisy cannot imitate—and they have this property in common also,

that they are both expressed by the same colour.

124. The ancients represented Saturn under the character of Time, with wings on his shoulders, and fetters on his feet.

This was to mark the swiftness of it to some, and its slowness to others—according to this line,

O vita! stulto longa, sapienti brevis.

125. “There will be two women grinding at the mill—the one shall be taken, and the other left.”—The miller’s claim to half the corn for grist, from this text, is as good a plea as many of the pretences of the Church of Rome are supported by.

126. The extravagant encomiums that have been handed down to us from the ancient critics, of many of those authors whose works have been long swallowed up in the gulph of time, and whose names are commemorated only in their commentaries, might make us lament the loss of so much wit, humour, and fine writing, as is there pretended, if the fragments of some of them, which, by their being preserved, we may reasonably suppose to

have been the choicest parts, did not afford us an opportunity of judging a little for ourselves.

And upon such a critical review, I dare say, that a candid reader will think those writings which have happily escaped to us entire, or even maimed, are worth the whole library of those that lie entombed with their authors. *Vide Les jugemens des sçavans, par M. Baillet*, for five volumes of such sort of stuff.

127. One should read both ancient and modern critics with extreme diffidence, upon the subjects of literature. The difference, nay the contrariety, of opinions, given by persons of equal judgment, capacity, and learning, upon the very same work, must surprise us extremely, if we were not to consider critics to be in the same situation with lovers. Smitten with some features, which another eye might possibly perceive no manner of beauty in, they are apt fondly to impute perfection to the whole.

So that, in one case, as well as the other, the old adage, *de gustibus non*, may be affirmed.—And therefore, it is not

the judgments or the sense of the commentators we have any pretence to reprehend, but their taste, their sympathy, their eniverments, only. Let us then always judge, taste, or feel, for ourselves, and not be misled by great names.

128. Among the many curious impertinences of the schools, there is none that appears to me so truly ridiculous, as the strife about the authority of the works of the ancients. Is it the author, or the writing, we admire or criticise? But it is still the authors we have before us, no matter for their names, when we are commenting upon any work of genius.

I do not care one farthing whether Pisander's or Virgil's manuscript—Macrobius affirms the first—was the original of the second Aeneid—or Apollonius of Rhodes the author of the fourth.—Whether one Homer, of seven cities, framed the Iliad and the Odyssey entire, or only tacked a parcel of old ballads together, and sung

1 2
them about the streets of Smyrna, Rhodes,

3 4 5 6
Colophon, Salamis, Chios, Argos, or

7

Athens, to the title of "The blind beggar-man's garland."

I do not pretend to say that we have Virgil or Homer before us, when we read those words imputed to them. But we have certainly the writers of them—which is all we need contend for. And I really think that those scholars, who affect a precision in this very immaterial matter, are not a bit wiser than a very pretty woman, who asked me once, with the sweetest smile imaginable, "Who was the author of Shakespear's plays?"

129. Charles had a sort of philosophy, without reflection, that reconciled him to every thing. Among the other particulars of his life, he was the most contented cuckold too that ever I knew, and could throw his horns behind him, like a stag darting through a hedge.

130. Scaliger styles titillation a sixth sense.——And certainly there is as great a difference between being tickled and simple feeling, as between taste and touch.

But then, the same overstrained philosophy might as well deem the sea to be

a fifth element, because it differs so much from common water. For titillation, like the briny wave, is but a stronger or more pungent sensation—one of the taste, the other of the touch.

131. Maria was so full of grimace, that she prostituted every feature of her body, but one—and that escaped, only by her not being able to lie a moment still.

132. In part of Lord Kames's Elements of Criticism, he says, that "music improves the relish of a banquet." That I deny—any more than painting might do. They may both be additional pleasures, as well as conversation is, but are perfectly distinct notices; and cannot, with the least propriety, be said to mix or blend with the repast, as none of them serve to raise the flavour of the wine, the sauce, the meat, or help to quicken appetite. But music and painting both add a spirit to devotion, and elevate the ardour*.

133. What a dread of death must some people have, who would rather be dying than dead!

* See what Triglyph says upon music at meals.—*Triumvirate*, chap. lxxiv.

134. A toad, fed on the vapours of a dungeon, is not such a wretch, as a man of sense, who has had the misfortune to be heartily in love with a weak or worthless woman.

Women are apt to be vain of such a conquest; but more, as the poet expresses it, for the triumph than the prize. For otherwise, a fool they would count greater gain. They ignorantly flatter themselves, that they have been capable of imposing on men of understanding, when, in truth, it is they who have imposed on themselves.—Their pride will not suffer them to imagine they could ever sustain a passion for a fool: so, helping the fair idiot out with their own sense and understanding, they often lend arms against themselves, ere they are aware.

135. Lovers are apt to hear through their eyes—But the safest way is to see through their ears.—Who was it that said, Speak, that I may see you?

136. A friend of mine was so conscientious a wench, that he always compounded with Vice, by taking an old mistress. So that, though he made an harlot, he did not make a bastard.

137. Merit, accompanied with beauty, is a jewel set to advantage. Quere?

138. *Currat lex*—a motto for a lawyer's coach. *Fiat justitia*—a paragram for an hangman's cart.

139. The moral law, without a sanction, is like the English code—a perfect system of constitution, but wanting a sufficient law to put the whole in force.

140. When I see Mrs.—and her husband, I think of a monkey, fastened to a log, and playing antic tricks.

141. Tom is a mere adjective of society; for he cannot support himself one moment alone—nor is he ever so much as spoken of singly, but is tacked always to others, as Virgil introduces Therfilochus, with a copulative at the end of a line:

— — *Glaucumque, Medontaque, Ther-*
filochumque.

Chloreague, Sybarimque, Daretaque,
Therfilochumque.

142. Modern poets put too much water into the ink.

143. Men are like plants—some delight in the sun, and others in the shade.

144. The many various and absurd systems of religion, reported from the most ancient histories of the several parts of the world, appear to amount almost to a proof, that there must have been some part of revelation originally made to our first parents; which, handed down to posterity by oral tradition, or, at best, by types and hieroglyphics, received such alterations and corruptions, through the mistakes, the weaknesses, or sinister arts of man, as made it terminate in downright idolatry among the ignorant, and in atheism with the learned—to a certain pitch of error and presumption.

For, had there not been any revelation at all, there would either have been no sort of religion in the world, or a more rational one. For, in that case, it must have been deduced, by tracing effects up to their causes, as far as the philosophy of the age, in which this should have happened, might have been able to have reached—And then—*—Deus interfit.* So that the natural philosopher, and the moral reasoner, both joined in one, must have become atheist.

But this, probably, could never have been the origin of religion, for the following reason—That this philosophic research must have happened in latter times than those, in which history informs us, the many fantastic modes of ancient worship had been professed among all the nations of the earth, even the most illiterate, ignorant, and barbarous, who never could have taken up the least notion of religion from their own premises or conclusions.

145. There are two sorts of moral writers.—The one represents human nature in an angelic light, and the other in a beastly one. The first are generally found among the ancients; and the latter entirely among the moderns—chiefly the French.

They are both wrong.—One argues from the best, and the other from the worst, of our species. Doctor Young has a just sentiment, in his *Centaur*, which reconciles these different writers—“We cannot think too highly of our natures, nor too meanly of ourselves.”

146. A Montaigniana,

Or a wandering thought, after the manner of Montaigne:

While a man is reading or thinking abstractedly, he is a king for the time—as being quite free from any manner of reflection regarding his own circumstances. Indeed, how seldom is it in the day that he feels the difference between himself and a king?

Monarchs are unhappier than their subjects—for use makes state familiar, and the fatigue grows every day more irksome. —Has opulence and grandeur then no advantages?—None— —but the power of doing good.

I have often been surprised that so little of this kind of manufacture is ever wrought by princes, when the very rarity of the work might serve to render their names famous to posterity

“And paid a tradesman once, to make him stare.”

But away with all ambition, which only affects our names, without improving our natures.

147. A moral, after the manner of Rochefoucault, and others of that stamp of immoral writers, who, in all their philo-

sophic reflections, endeavour to depreciate human nature:

As our bodies are compounded of different elements, so are our minds of various passions.— — And as the blending of the former creates the union of body, so is all virtue produced by the balancing or commixing of the several affections and propensities of the soul.

As our bodies are formed of clay, so are even our virtues made up of meanness or vice.— Add vain glory to avarice, and it rises to ambition.— — Lust inspires the lover, and selfish wants the friend.— Prudence is created by fear, and courage arises from madness, or from pride.

148. A reflection on the *decens et decorum*, in morals:

A friend of mine distrained a tenant's cattle for rent, then took them out of the pound, and put them on his own demesne to graze. The arrear was discharged in a day or two. The flock was surrendered, but the tenant was charged for their grass.

There appears certainly to be nothing contrary to law or moral, nor the least sort of oppression or extortion in this mat-

ter. It was equal to the tenant, whether he had paid for grazing to the landlord, or the pound-keeper. Then what can it be, that strikes one so strongly with the idea of a difference?

There must surely be a want of decency in this action.—And though it may be, perhaps, too refined a speculation, to trace the subtile connexion between them, yet I think, that want of decency offends, by implying, in some sort, a deficiency of moral. It certainly does of that refined moral which Prior hints at:

*“Beyond the fix’d and settled rules
Of vice and virtue in the schools,”* etc.

If decorum be not the substance of virtue, it is at least one of its accidents. It is an adjective, which depends upon some moral for its substantive.—It is the round, the full, the fair, of the great circle*. Or, it may be compared to the fine essence of light, that must have some solid matter for its subject, upon which it reflects all the beauty of colours.

* See Prior’s tale of Protogenes and Apelles.

149. The mind is naturally active, and will employ itself ill, if you do not employ it well. Magicians tell us, that when they raise the devil, they must find him work—and that he will as readily build a church as pull one down.

150. It is in what the world reckons trifles that a good understanding should most employ itself.—Great occasions generally direct their own operations, and but seldom occur—while every day's experience presents you with small cares sufficient to exercise your utmost prudence upon.— — — Therefore,

*“ Think nought a trifle, though it small
appear—*

*Small sands the mountain— — moments
make the year— —*

*And trifles life.—Your care to trifles give,
Or you may die—before you learn to live.”*

YOUNG.

151. I think that a person may as well be asleep— — for they can only be said to dream— — who read any thing, but with a view of improving their morals, or regulating their conduct.

152. Nothing in this life, after health and virtue, is more estimable than knowledge—nor is there any thing so easily attained, or so cheaply purchased—the labour only fitting still, and the expense but time, which, if we do not spend, we cannot save.

153. If time, like money, could be laid by, while one was not using it, there might be some excuse for the idleness of half the world—but yet not a full one. For even this would be such an oeconomy, as the living on a principal sum, without making it purchase interest.

154. There are three ways of dealing with time—losing it, spending it, or putting it out to use.

Ampliat aetatis spatium sibi vir bonus—hoc est vivere bis, vitâ posse priore frui.

155. One of the fathers compares contemplation and action to Rachel and Leah. The first was fairest, but the latter more fruitful.

I am afraid he was not quite orthodox, by the wit of his simile.

156. To the many difficult conceits of the ancients, for the cramp of wit—such

as poems cut out into the shapes of hearts, altars, wings, etc. I would incumber literature with a fancy of my own invention — — — which, if it should once obtain — as, from the futility of it, there can hardly be a doubt — may be styled, the double *boutrimé* — because the last word in every line is always made to chime to the first, throughout the poem — — which takes off from the constraint of couplets, and joins the strength of blank verse, and the softness of rhyme, together, in the same line.

Examples.

*Love is the pivot on which all things
move.*

*Death is no more than stopping our last
breath.*

With other moral reflections of the same kind.

157. Jack had every merit of a school-boy — except his learning — — and he is now too old to retrieve that article.

158. Miss R — — married, only because she had been surfeited with fornication, and longed to try the variety of adultery a little.

Simple meats become insipid to a vitiated taste——It requires mixed sauces to quicken appetite.

159. James supplied the want of spirit with the usual succedaneum of spite.——
Quantum sufficit.

160. Ned had a little spirit of gibe and humour, sometimes, that used to render him entertaining enough on particular occasions——but when that vein did not happen to serve him, one might well say, that Ned was a dull dog, without a joke.

161. Mrs. N——was an insensible libertine—and intrigued more through vice than passion.

162. Mr. G——'s house is so kennelled with dogs, that one might fancy he lived in a forest, and had no other neighbours but bears.

163. George has so much impudence in him, that, like the Scythian, he might be said to be face all over.

164. Kit was master of a kind of inverted wit, that consisted in a remarkable quickness of misapprehension. He would often pretend to mistake some one word in a sentence, for any other of a similar

found, and, by commenting, or running a parody on it, contrive to throw the speaker into an embarrassment.

165. A lie is a desperate cowardice.—
It is to fear man, and brave God.

166. I never drink— —I cannot do it,
on equal terms with others— — —It costs
them only one day— —but me three— —
the first in sinning, the second in suffering,
and the third in repenting.

167. Sight is by much the noblest of the
senses. We receive our notices from the
other four, through the organs of sensation
only. We hear, we feel, we smell,
we taste, by touch. But sight rises infinitely
higher.— —It is refined above matter,
and equals the faculty of spirit.

168. To put ourselves in other persons'
places, would obviate a great deal of the
jealousies and resentments we are too frequently
sensible of towards them; and to
put others into ours, would considerably
abate the pride and haughtiness of ourselves.

169. Freethinkers are generally those
who never think at all.

170. Sir Isaac Newton used to say, that

it was mere labour and patient thinking, which had enabled him to investigate the great laws of nature.—Hear this, ye blockheads, and go study.

And because I know how much a good example is apt to influence, I will begin a course myself, as soon as I have wrote

FINIS

ESSAIARUM,

SENTIMENTORUM,

CHARACTERIUM,

ATQUE

CALLIMACHORUM.

MEMORABILIA:
O R,
EXTRAORDINARY THINGS,
A N D
REMARKABLE SAYINGS,
I N
LIFE, LITERATURE, AND
PHILOSOPHY.

COLLECTED TOGETHER

B Y

TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO,
M. N. A.

V O L. III.

Sparsa coegi.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1900

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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P R E F A C E.

GREGORIO LETI wrote as many books as he was years old. Homer divided the Iliad and the Odyssey into as many books as there are letters in the Greek alphabet. Herodotus numbered his books after the Muses. And if ever Wilkes should commence an author, he will never stop, probably, till he has published volumes forty-five.

From all which premises, I think it must appear pretty plain to the intelligent reader, that *Tria Juncta in Uno* ought to divide his work into three parts, in allusion to his name—which, you see, I have accordingly done.

And, for this reason, I make not the least manner of scruple to prefer myself before all and every of the above-named authors——not only on account of my work being so much shorter than any of theirs, but principally in compliment to the number *three*, which you know—or

ought to know—to be the completest sum in arithmetic.

To odd numbers, in general, the ancients attributed certain charms or powers—but three stands the foremost of them all—as it is the first that is capable of the act or potency of multiplication.

If you would be more deeply learned upon this subject, consult my essay on this same number—though I am not quite sure whether I shall afford you an opportunity of doing so, in the course of this work, or no—That will depend entirely upon my having, or not having, sufficient notes to finish this volume without it.

Three was the number of the Graces, the Furies, the Fates, the Syrens, the Gorgons, and the Graeae—those infernal hags, who had but one eye and one tooth among them, which they used to borrow, by turns, as they were to see company, or chew their cud.

When I speak of the Syrens, I only mean the three of them that are now alive—namely, Aglaope, Pisinoe, and Thelxiope—There had been a fourth among them originally—the dear Parthenope—

my favourite of them all—They were the daughters of Melpomene—She got them merely to divert her melancholy—by whom, I really have forgot.

They had been, all four, maids of honour to the princess Europa, when the divine bull carried her off.—The chaste, the tender Parthenope was so shocked at the rape, that she took grief and died. Her mistress had, happily, a stronger constitution.—Or, possibly, a rape may sometimes offend those who are not ravished, more than those that are.

Geryon had three bodies, Cerberus heads enough for them all; and Solomon as many options. There were three Triumvirates—Caesar, Pompey, and Crassus—Augustus, Anthony, and Lepidus—and Andrews, Beville, and Carewe—This last is formed by one Triglyph too.

Apollo had his tripod, and Neptune his trident. One, two, three, and away, was the note for starting at the Olympic races. And the ancients used to call thrice upon every corpse, to know if it could start any objection to its being interred.

Which naturally leads me to Hades, or

Ades, the old-fashioned region of distribution, according to our good or bad deeds. It consisted of three provinces—Erebus, Tartarus, and Elysium—Heaven, Hell, and Purgatory. It had its three judges too—Minos, Aeacus, and Rhadamanthus.—Its three rivers also—Phlegethon, Cocytus, and Acheron.—With many other triads, too numerous and inconsiderable to mention.

In the midst of the above enumerations tripartite, it occurred to me, to mention the Pope's triple crown among the rest. But I supposed, that this emblem had its allusion—and I was resolved to restrict myself entirely to fable.

With regard to the following collection, I think I need not trouble you with any manner of preface about it; for the very title of it sufficiently explains the nature of the design. I thought that a compilation of this kind, might be not only an entertainment to the public, but also, in some instances, improving.

ADIEU— —

That ye may thrice happy be, prays your
thrice obliged, and thrice humble servant,

TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO.

THE KORAN.

MEMORABILIA.

1. **ZOROASTER**, says Pliny, was reported to have laughed on the day of his birth. Sir Thomas More laughed in the hour of death—Which was the most extraordinary?

2. Publius Syrus says, that a woman knows no medium between loving and hating.

3. There were famous women of all the philosophic sects—but infinitely a greater number are recorded of the Pythagorean school—though it enjoined silence, and the keeping of secrets.

4. John Weaver, in his History of Ancient Monuments, published in the year 1630, quotes the following prophecy from an holy anchorite in King Elthred's time:

“Englyshmen, for as much as they use to dronkelewnes, to treason, and to rech-

lenefs of Goddes hous, firft by Danes, and then by Normans, and atte thirde time by Scottes, they fhall be overcome."

5. Monsieur Sainctyon, in his life of Tamerlane, fays, that in a certain Perfian nation, of the province of Chouvatfam, the people are all born with a mufical voice; and that the children's moan or cry in the cradle is perfectly melodious.

This muft be owing — — for I would always rather account for, than difpute a thing — — to the peculiar fituation of the country, which may poffibly have the effect of modulating the air. In hilly countries, the elastic fpring of that element communicates a certain fhriUnefs, or fharp accent, to whatever found it reverberates. In Wales, the dogs bark with an ear-piercing tone — and perhaps with a brogue, as Mrs. Digherty fays, in Ireland.

6. The laft words that Nero uttered, after he had done but juftice on himfelf, were — O what an excellent harper dies this day!

7. My taylor in London ufed to let his pipe flow all day, by way of lulling himfelf with the found of a water-fall.

8. That dukes would be ministers of state! and that cobblers should keep holy-days!

9. In the Rabbinical account of the Jewish trials and punishments for adultery, there is one very curious particular:

They gave the woman a potion, composed by the priest, called *aqua zelotiphae*, or the water of jealousy.—If she had been guilty, it poisoned her forthwith—without benefit of clergy. But if innocent, it increased her health and fruitfulness—What fine juggling there must have been here!

And if the husband happened to have been guilty in the same way himself, the draught had no ill effect on the woman, though she had been ever so culpable.—Natural justice, this.

10. The Spanish inns make a charge for noise always in their bills, whether you make any or no.

11. The Bishop of Beauvais, who succeeded Cardinal Richelieu, as premier in France, proposed to the Dutch, that they should all turn Papists, or be turned out of the alliance with the grand monarch.

12. Louis the fourteenth, though a king, rewarded merit, and encouraged literature.

13. The two last letters in *Shibboleth*, would be as good a test of an Irishman, as the two first were of the Ephraimites.

14. The Athenians always cast their children into the sea, that happened to be born with any manner of defect or deformity.—I prefer my own scheme in the Callimachies to this. See No. 58.

15. *Inter se* is an idiom in the Latin, which signifies, *from each other*; though both the grammar and dictionary of that language would render it, *among themselves*—which is the very reverse.

16. To grammarians, linguists, nurses, and philosophers, greeting:

What can be the reason, that all the little children of Great Britain and Ireland universally say Me, for I?—Me love you—Me is sleepy—Me is hungry, etc.

This cannot be imitation—For the most illiterate parent, nurse, or servant, always say I.

17. The ancients have depicted Cupid and Somnus so alike, that they are not to be distinguished, but by their emblems.

Surely they could not mean, by this equivocation, that love was but a dream,

which vanishes into air, as soon as we awaken to our senses.

18. The devil is Milton's hero. Ovid seems to have been as partial as the old giants.

19. Spence, in his *Polymetis*, says, very gravely, that the giants were not so easily conquered, as might have been expected.

And again, that some poets had described that affair, as attended with more difficulty than they ought.

20. Spence says also, that Statius describes Minos and Aeacus sitting in judgment, to assist Pluto—and adds, but it must have been only occasionally.

21. Adad was the greatest of the Assyrian gods.—Is this what we mean, when we swear adad?

22. Lord Kames, in his *Elements of Criticism*, hints, that brutes might become rational, if the use of speech was communicated to them.—Pray are Parrots or Magpies rational? Women are, we know—but would they be less so, if they spoke less?

23. Androcles was the name of the person who led the tame lion about the streets

of Rome.—See the story of it in Aulus Gellius; and believe it, if you can.

24. The expression in Shakespear, of sack and sugar, is not so absurd as it sounds.—Put sugar to sack, and it gives it a brisk, lively flavour, that cures it of that heavy, luscious taste, which it has in its own nature.

25. Sir Isaac Newton was mistaken in his philosophy of vegetables being nourished by moisture. It is only the vehicle. The *pabulum*, or *incrementum*, is received from the earth.

I am sorry that this *postulatum* is not true.—It would have destroyed the assertion of the atheists, that this world was from all eternity. Had plants taken their augment from moisture, and then perished into earth, there could not have subsisted such an element as water now in nature. Therefore, the Mosaic history of the world's having been made *in time*, must have been true.

It might also have suggested a philosophical proof of this world's being finally to be destroyed by fire.—For heat will increase, in proportion to the decrease of moisture.

26. A certain Venetian, a person of polite learning and fine taste, was so struck with the refined difference between Catullus and Martial, in their epigrams, that he used to perform an annual ceremony in his library, on each returning day of Catullus's mortuity in which he sacrificed a volume of Martial's works to the manes of his favourite author.

27. It has been remarked, that men are often most strongly attached to women who have not one valuable, or amiable quality to recommend them.—The argument for which must then be, that if a man happen to fall in love without any reason, he can never have any reason for ceasing to love.

28. George has lately obtained a peerage.—He was little, but would be less—so purchased a title, and became more contemptible.

29. Fish-women cry Noble Oysters.—They certainly are full as noble as any family blazoned out in Collins's peerage.—If not of as ancient an house, of as old a bed at least—And to shew their richness too, pearls and they are congenial.

30. The deriving of families from ancient times, merely from the sound or similarity of names, as is done in all books of heraldry, puts me in mind of Swift's conceit, in proving the antiquity of bees from the Hivites, a race of people mentioned in the Old Testament.

31. The Jews were the first nation, upon record, who introduced an attention to genealogy.— — They had a reason for it, both in their law and in their gospel.— But after the coming of our Saviour, one should conclude all such superstition to have been at an end—as St. Paul says, “Neither give heed to fables, and endless genealogies, which minister questions, rather than godly edifyings.”—And again —“But avoid foolish questions and genealogies.”

32. The Beggar's Opera was written in order to run down the Italian ones. But it is of late become the object of its own ridicule. They have so carbonaded and fritterellied it, that it is now neither one thing nor the other—an English, nor an Italian opera—They are, at length, become allies, and hobble *en pair*.

33. The circumstance of Robert discovering his father, William the Conqueror, at an engagement in Normandy, just as he was going to kill him, their reconciliation in the sight of both armies, etc. would be a fine situation for an affecting tragedy.

34. A friend of Sir Thomas More's offered him the choice of his daughters for a wife. He liked the second one the best, but accepted of the eldest, merely to save her the mortification of having a younger sister preferred before her.

This is a fine story, by way of test, to try the force of sentiment in others. The question happened to be proposed to me once in this way—I approved of the generosity of the act, but had the modesty to answer it only by saying, that a person ought to be ashamed to differ in opinion from so great a man, in any action of his life.

35. Tacitus gives the character of a man, *magis extra vitiis, quam cum virtutibus*—This expression is by no means just, in a strict sense; for it is a vice to be void of virtues. *Dum satis putant vitio carere, in id ipsum incidunt vitium, quod virtu-*

tibus carent, says Quintilian, who was not only an excellent critic, but a sound moralist.

Tacitus has many beauties in his writings, but would sacrifice any thing to the framing of an *antithesis*. Sallust, and others among the ancients, had the same passion.

36. Loke says, that wit and judgment rarely meet in the same person; because that their talents are directly opposite—the first collecting together all ideas which are any way alike,—and the latter employed in separating those which in any particular differ.

Methinks there is more wit than judgment in this remark—For the same quickness which can form an assemblage, is as nimble at distinguishing.—The proverb is not applicable here,—Those who hide can find.

37. In the ninth book of Pope's Iliad, there is a note on the 494th line, where I think that both Eustathius and he have mistaken the sense.

When Achilles says, that he despises Agamemnon, like a Carian, he seems to hint that he must have had as venal a

soul as the people of Caria—a nation of Boeotia, that used to hire out its troops like the modern Swifs—to think that he could be bribed to battle by the presents he offers. He says, just before, his gifts are hateful—and immediately after,

Not though he proffer'd all himself possess'd, etc.

The best way of solving a text, is by its own context.

38. *Ah! te meae si partem animae rapit
Maturior vis, quid moror altera,
Nec carus aequae, nec superstes
Integer?*

HOR. L. 2. Od. 17.

Please to observe here, that *Paddy* Horace says his friend is part of himself; and that if this same part should be taken away, the remainder—*altera*—would not be the whole—*integer*.

Now if any modern author had written the above passage, would not the English critics style it an Hibernicism?

39. There is another passage too in this author, which may likewise be carped at,

but that it is not certain whether the error is to be imputed to the writer or transcriber—most probably to the latter, because that so small an erratum would set it right.

— — — *Quid terras alio calentes
Sole mutamus? Patriae quis exul
Se quoque fugit?*

LIB. 2. Od. 16.

Here the sense is deficient in the first sentence—because the commutation is not proposed— — and the expression abounds with a pleonasm in the second.—For *exul* comprehends *patriae*.

But change this last word into *patria*, and join it to the first sentence—let us see how it will stand upon this alteration.

— — — *Quid terras alio calentes
Sole mutamus patria? Quis exul
Se quoque fugit?*

You see that the deficiency is by this means supplied in the first part, and the abundance rescinded in the latter.

40. Pere Rapin says, very justly, of most of the Italian writers, that they strive

rather to say things wittily than naturally. But both French and English authors have frequently the same fault.

Look back to number 35, for the commencement of this vicious style of writing.

41. The Apollo Belvidere is confessedly the finest statue in the known world.—How could the very ingenious Mr. Spence, in his *Polymetis*, mistake his figure and expression, just after having slain the Python, for a simple Apollo Venator?

42. Who need ever be vain of a poet's praise, when it is so notoriously known that the Muses sang a funeral elegy on the death of this same serpent Python, slain by Apollo, their very god?

43. In philosophy, it is said, that eunuchs bear wine better than men do. The philosopher then who claimed the prize of drinking, for being the first drunk, did honour to his gender.

Listen to this, ye jovial country 'squires, and never boast again of being "able to carry off a greater quantity of liquor—I think that is the phrase—than other men."

44. St. James says, "Count it all joy, when you fall into divers temptations."

45. By the institutions of Lycurgus, the rigour of the Spartan discipline, both in apparel and diet, was relaxed in time of war.

46. There be fix things, in phyfic, styl-
ed non-naturals. And what do you think
they are? Even the most natural things
in nature — diet — evacuation — — air — —
exercise — — sleeping — — and waking.

47. In the Harleian Miscellany, volume
the first, and page first — the preamble —
there is this expression: — “To shew that
when God is on our side, neither the pow-
er nor the policy of man is able to do
us harm.” — What a deep reflection! How
many volumes of sermons have I seen
wrote in the same way!

48. The Capitol of Rome was so called,
because that a man’s head — which might
have been a woman’s, for ought they knew
— the gender does not lie there — happened
to have been dug out of the foundation.

From this hint, the Augurs prophesied,
that Rome should become the capital of
the world. — — You may see what sort of
reasoners priests must have been from the
beginning.

Rome was stiled also the mistress, not the master of the world.—Which seems sufficiently to justify my surmise, above hinted, about the head.

49. Madness is consistent— —which is more than can be said for poor Reason. Whatever may be the ruling passion at the time, continues equally so throughout the whole delirium—though it should last for life.

Madmen are always constant in love; which no man in his senses ever was.—Our passions and principles are steady in phrenzy; but begin to shift and waver, as we return to reason.

50. It is an hard case, that the laws should not have made any manner of difference between murdering an honest man, and only executing a scoundrel. I really think that these things should always be rated *ad valorem*.

51. Pliny says, that the crocodile increases in strength to its latest age, and dies in full vigour— —This would be a good poetical simile for Avarice, which

“Grows with our growth, and strengthens with our weakness.”

52. A lady of my acquaintance told me one day in great joy, that she had got a parcel of the most delightful novels to read that she had ever met with before. They call them Plutarch's Lives, said she.—I happened, unfortunately, to inform her ladyship, that they were deemed to be authentic histories. Upon which her countenance fell, and she never read another line in them.

53. A servant maid I had once—her name was not Dorothy*—returned home crying one day, because a criminal, whom she had obtained leave to go see executed, happened to get a reprieve.

She had no spleen to the fellow—for he had been condemned only for a rape; nor was she of a cruel nature—but she had lost a fight.

54. Ravinius Textor has given us a catalogue of persons who died laughing.

55. The *Lex Papia* forbade men to marry after sixty, and women after fifty.

I think the law was wrong in the first article--because men may have children

* See chapter XXXIII. last paragraph but one.

long after that age—or their wives may, at least, which answers as well for the community. But matrimony is generally thrown away upon any woman after Wilkes's number.

To have children, is the only modest reason a woman can give for marriage. And after such pretence has ceased, what an indecent thing must it be, to see her proceeding to the gratification of her concupiscence, at the very foot of the altar?

56. A watch or clock goes the faster for being foul.

57. The famous princess Catharine Sforza, being besieged in a fortress by rebels, was threatened by them to have her children put to death, if she did not surrender the garrison—"Do with them as you please," said she, "for behold I have a mold to cast more."—So saying, she stepped up on the wall—I leave the historian to tell the rest. *Hist. des femmes illustres.*

I think that she might have been celebrated for her immodesty, as Jael was for her treachery above women in the tent.

58. Monsieur Menage, a poet of distin-

guished eminence in France, always sent a criticism to the press immediately after every piece he published, to prove that he had not one requisite of a poet in any of his writings; and that he wrote all his verses, *invitâ Minervâ*, by the mere dint of labour only. What a caprice!

59. Alecto inspiring Amata with rage, is compared by Virgil to a boy whipping his top.

60. Ask Doctor Smollet what he means, in his Travels, by the Genoese, the Empress of Russia, and making heaven accountable for the death of Peter the Third—Joan—and the predestination of her son?

61. There are certain fishes, styled abdominals, that have fins underneath their bellies—which your fishmonger philosophers say prevent their turning on their backs.

This particular, I hear, is only true of fishes, but not of those animals "*quæ desinunt in piscem.*"

62. Diotima, a female philosopher, was the person that initiated Socrates into the *philosophia amatoria*, which the Platonist afterwards extolled so highly.

63. Theano, another female philosopher, used to advise married women “to lay aside shame with their clothes.”

This brothel-maxim is finely reprehended by the chaste Plutarch, who says, That “women ought never to be naked, for when they put off their garments, they should clothe themselves with modesty.”

64. The same Theano told Timaeonides, who had often reviled her, that, notwithstanding his unkindness, she always spoke well of him—but had the luck still to find, that her panegyric had the same fate with his satire—to be equally discredited.

Prior, and others, have stolen epigrams from this expression:

*“You always speak ill of me,
I always speak well of thee—
But, spite of all our noise and pother,
The world believes nor one nor t’other.”*

PRIOR.

65. I knew a man who was governed by no one principle in the world but fear.
—He had no manner of objection to

going to church, but left "the devil might take it ill."

66. The learned are not yet agreed, whether an Olympiad contained four or five years.—The lustre is happily out of dispute, and fixed at five.

67. How children come to be marked, before they come into the world, by an impression made only on the sight of the mother, is inexplicable by philosophy. Nay, philosophy denies the fact, but leaves the contingency of it rather a greater mystery.

68. Women entered originally into the Olympic games—but some confusion happening once on their accounts, they were forbidden to appear there for the future, on pain of death, if found disguised.

Yet a woman, named Herenice, did afterwards venture her life, for the mere pleasure of wrestling and boxing there—and won the prize.

She could not conceal her triumph: which coming to the judges' ears, they ordered, that thenceforward all athletics should be performed naked.

This my author, who is a joker, says,

prevented their entering the circus for the future, but made them all crowd to the ring.

69. Solon deprived parents of all paternal authority over bastards.—The reason he gave for it is curious— —That as they were only fathers for their own pleasure, this should be their only reward.

Married men seem here to be unfavourably distinguished by Solon— — — as mere drudges in the vineyard.— —I suppose Solon had an ugly wife.

70. Hucheson, in his philosophic treatise on beauty, harmony, and order, plus's and minus's you to heaven or hell, by algebraic equations—so that none but an expert mathematician can ever be able to settle his accounts with St. Peter—and perhaps St. Matthew, who had been an officer in the customs, must be called in to audite them.

71. The pseudomenos, a problem among the stoics—a quibble merely in words.

72. The anacampserotes—a certain root—the touch of which is said to reconcile lovers.

73. Lycurgus was the person who col-

lected together all the works of Homer in Asia Minor, and brought them into Greece.

Plato would exclude all the poets from his commonwealth.— —Observe here the difference between a person who had formed a real state, and one who had framed only an ideal one.

74. Hermonides, a disciple of Timotheus, asked his master one day, How he should conduct himself, in order to obtain the prize of music at a public opera that was then to be performed?

“If the theatre be thin,” said the old fellow, “play your best—for the audience may probably be select and judicious—But to a crowded house, be sure you play as ill as you can—because the multitude have Midas’s ears.”

Hermonides, like other young people, asked advice which he meant not to take—exerted all his talents—excelled every competitor—lost the prize—and died that very night of the mortification he had received, by not taking the old sage’s counsel.

75. There is an original necessity in our

nature "to determine ourselves."—Providence has implanted this propensity in us, to prevent suspension of action, where reasons may be wanting, or equipoised.

In the most indifferent cases, we are apt to feel an inclination to favour one side of a question more than the other.—Two men boxing, two horses running, two cocks fighting, two dogs snarling—even two fishwomen scolding—though all equally unknown—one will naturally take part with one or the other—"We must determine ourselves."

Two competitors for a crown appear on the theatre of war together. Even their very names shall decide the point, with regard to us, unknowing of their respective titles or merits.—It was morally impossible to have remained indifferent, between Meer Jaffeir and Cossim Ally Cawn, two rival nabobs, some time ago. I vowed fealty to the latter; and my wife, whether through loyalty or perverseness, always took part with the first against us.

And if the strife should happen to be between a man and a woman, the respective sexes shall take different sides in

the contention—though not always on the part of their respective genders—for women are sometimes partial to a woman, merely because she is one—but oftener to a man, for the same reason. No matter for the motives—we labour under “a physical necessity of determining ourselves.”

In fine, there is but one struggle between man and woman, in which both men and women equally wish success to one side *only*—to which part I need not say.—For as my readers must be either male or female, I shall refer the decision to their joint concurrence.

76. Brutus was originally a name of contempt, given first to Lucius Junius, by Tarquin, on account of his pretending madness and folly, in order to escape the notice and jealousy of that tyrant, who had put his father and brother to death.

Virtue can render the meanest name great—and vice turn the greatest into contempt.—Listen, ye plebeians and ye peers!

77. Margaret de Valois queen of Navarre, was styled a tenth muse, and a fourth grace.

78. Solon said, that if all men were to cast their misfortunes into one common heap, every person would rather take up his own lot again, than accept an equal share with the rest.

This is an odd expression——for, as he makes the reflection general, it is as much as to say, in effect, that every one's evils were less when put in, and greater when taken out. This might be true of some, but could not possibly be so of all.

79. Plato said of Dionysius's court, at his return from Sicily, on his being asked what he observed remarkable there——
“*Vidi monstrum in natura, hominem bis saturatum in die.*”——By *saturatum*, he meant merely eating, not drinking.

What would he have said, had he lived in modern times, and seen not only two meals, but two debauches, in the same day!

80. In the life of Henry Prince of Wales, there is a curious story told, of a speech made by a pope, who silenced a priest for preaching doctrines “contrary to the catholic faith.”

The man defended himself, by saying that he had advanced nothing but the gospel, and the word of God.—To which his holiness replied, that this was, in effect, “to subvert the catholic religion.”

81. Tiberius was the person who offered a premium for the invention or contrivance of any new pleasure.

82. Providence has supplied the body with refreshment and medicine, in the animal, vegetable, and mineral world—and to our minds hath given, both for relief and cure, religion, music, and the sciences.

Whether I write the above observation from reflection or recollection, I do declare, most ingenuously, that I cannot be certain this moment. — — Memorandum, that memory is apt to forget.

83. Ludovicus Jacob says of Pontus de Thiard, who was both a bishop and a poet, that his erudition was too universal for the first, and too profound for the latter.

84. Balzac said, that Virgil had prevented Tasso from being the first epic poet of Italy, but that Tasso had prevented him from being the last.

85. It is reported of Sebastian, a very good Latin poet, that he could seldom avoid speaking in verse, in his common conversation.

In general, warm people, as poets naturally are, speak usually in blank verse——except they stutter.

“I lisp’d in numbers—for the numbers came.”

86. The Count de Bonarelli, an Italian nobleman, had passed through a regular course of divinity and philosophy, and distinguished himself in both these studies.

He was afterwards taken from those pursuits, and employed by the great duke of Ferrara, in sixteen embassies of state; in all which he acquitted himself with great address both as a politician and a minister.

He had never written one line of poetry in his life, till he was about threescore years of age; when, having retired from public business, he undertook for his amusement a pastoral poem, which he executed with a fame equal to Guarini’s *Pastor Fido* and Tasso’s *Aminta*.

87. The covetous man is poor—but the contented one rich—said Bias the philosopher.

88. Solon built a city in Cilicia, which he named Soleis, and peopled it with a colony from Athens; who, mixing with the natives of the country, corrupted their language, and were said to solecise.—Diogenes Laertius gives us this derivation for the word solecism.

89. Simonides, a very sweet Greek poet, was so affected about the nicety of his expression, that, being to mention mules upon some occasion, he styled them daughters of mares.—Upon which Diogenes rallied him, by asking, whether they were not daughters of asses as well?

90. In Plato's Phedon, Socrates says, that while the soul is immerfed in matter, "it staggers, strays, frets, and is giddy like a man in drink."

There is a passage in the Psalms, from whence one must be almost certain he must have borrowed this image.— —"They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end." Psalm 107. verse 27.

Here, not only the simile is the same, and the expression almost so—as near as different translations of the same text, not performed by the Septuagint, can be supposed to approach——but the very occasions are parallel also. The first describes the state of the soul, under the incumbrances of corporeal affections, and the latter speaks of men unassisted by grace.

91. Plato allowed mirth and wine to old men, but forbade them both to young ones. To be merry and wise, might have been a proverb deduced from this law.

But Plato's reason was truly philosophic——that, while our natural cheerfulness and spirits remain, we should never use incitements. To spur a free horse, soon makes a jade of him.

92. Antigonus said, “*Qui Macedoniae regem erudit, omnes etiam subditos erudit*”——“*Qualis rex, talis grex*,” says somebody else.

This is not always so. It is only what may be styled a capable truth.—Virtue will not be sufficient——for example alone won't do. The king must have both sense and spirit too. He should let all his boun-

ties, honours, and preferments, flow in one chaste channel, and, like heaven, bribe us to our good.

93. Is it not an amazing thing, that men shall attempt to investigate the mystery of the redemption, when, at the same time that it is propounded to us as an article of faith solely, we are told, that “The very angels have desired to pry into it in vain?

94. See the character of Francis David Sterne, in the Annual Register for the year 1760, and compare it with the jealous phrenzy of Jean Jacques Rousseau.—The unaccountable caprices of human nature!

95. I asked an hermit once in Italy, how he could venture to live alone, in a single cottage, on the top of a mountain, a mile from any habitation?—He replied, that “Providence was his very next door neighbour.”

96. A library.

Plerumque in quâ simulac pedem posui, foribus pessulum abdo.—Ambitionem autem, amorem, libidinem, avaritiam excludo, quorum parens est ignavia, imperitia nutrix—et in ipso aeternitatis gremio, inter tot illustres animos sedem mihi

sumo, cum ingenti quidem animo, ut subinde magnatum me misereat, qui felicitatem hanc ignorant.

HEINSIUS.

In the world, you are subject to every fool's humour—In a library you can make every wit subject to yours.

HENRY AND FRANCES.

97. The mareschal de Bellegarde was a lover, and a favourite of Anne of Austria's, but happened to be discarded upon the following occasion:

When he was taking leave of her Majesty, to repair to his command in the army, he solicited her, with an air of passion and mystery, to give him her hand; which, after she had, with a blush, some hesitation, and turning aside her head,

“With neck retorted, and oblique regard,”

at length consented to, he applied it immediately “to the hilt of his sword.”

A most stupid piece of old-fashioned gallantry, to be sure.—But observe, at the same time, the unaccountable caprice of woman, in his dismissal.

98. Plutarch has a fine expression, with regard to some woman of learning, humility, and virtue—That her ornaments were such as might be purchased without money, and would render any woman's life both glorious and happy.

99. Extract—*unde nescio*.

Adam signifies earth, and Eve life.—But, not to insist upon Hebrew definitions, man was originally made of the dead earth—but woman of the living man—therefore, of a more excellent nature. There are no conclusions so strong as those that are drawn from the *petitio principii*.

100. Another fragment in favour of the sex:

It is remarkable, that as by a woman we were all undone, so by a woman we were all retrieved again.

For as the virgin conceived without the co-operation of man, all the human nature that Christ took upon himself, must have been derived entirely from the feminine gender.

101. The Laplanders have odd notions. They encourage the killing of bears in their country; and have framed this law,

that any man who destroys one, shall be exempted from cohabiting with his wife for a week—and so on, *toties quoties*.

102. Heraclitus was the person who first introduced the burning of the dead, upon this philosophy, that fire was the predominant principle of all things; and that, by such dissolution, the aethereal flame, or soul of man, was better and sooner purified and disunited from the grossness of matter.

103. The doctors of the Sorbonne, in the year 1550, caused a priest to be deprived of his benefice, for pronouncing the words *quisquis* and *quamquam*, as they are spelled, instead, of *kiskis* and *kan-kam*, as they had reformed them.

Which were the greater fools, they or the priest?

104. Sophocles has written a tragedy, which consists of but one entire monologue, of a person complaining and lamenting a sore heel. See the *Philoctetes*.

105. In the whole Hebrew dictionary there is not one word to express nature or philosophy.

106. Pythagoras was the person who first changed the arrogant appellation of sophos, or wise man, to philosopher, or a lover of wisdom.

107. What a savage race of men must the ancient Romans have been, who had but one word, *hostis*, in their language, for an enemy and a foreigner?

108. Hume says, "Can we expect that a government will be well modelled by a people, who know not how to make a spinning wheel, or to employ a loom to advantage?"

109. A good simile—as concise as a king's declaration of love.

110. Sir Isaac Newton standing by the side of a quarry, saw a stone fall from the top of it to the ground—"Why should this stone, when loosened from its bed, rather descend, than rise, or fly across? Either of these directions must have been equally indifferent to the stone itself."

Such was his soliloquy; and this the first philosophic reflection he had ever made. This led him first into considering the nature of gravity, etc.—So that to a mere accident we owe all those deep re-

searches, and useful discoveries, with which he has since enriched the sciences.

111. Plutarch imputes the ceasing of many of the oracles, to the world's being thinner peopled at that time than formerly.—“The gods, says he, would not deign to use so many interpreters of their wills to so small an handful of people.”

112. Solon was the person who granted a power to parents of putting their children to death—Who was it that gave them authority to condemn their daughters to a nunnery?

113. Plutarch commends Attalus for destroying all his own children in order to leave his wealth and kingdom to his nephew.

One unnatural action induced another—For Attalus's reason for so doing, was that his brother, the father of that nephew, had left him his heir, in wrong to his own son.

114. Men affect parrots, that disgrace human speech—and are fond of monkies, that ridicule human action.

115. Great eaters have generally but dull

intellects—The dromedary is said to have four stomachs.

116. A very curious and authentic letter has been lately brought to light, from the queen of Scots to Elisabeth—which makes the latter's chastity not to be so problematical a point as general history had left it to us. See the Annual Register for 1759, page 323.

117. See the contrasted character of young Servin, in Sully's Memoirs, for an extraordinary instance in human nature.

118. Mr. Spence, in his Polymetis, says, that there must have been a nymph whose name was Aura—or Procris could never have conceived a jealousy at the expression of Cephalus, *Aura veni*.

How could a person of his taste, and excellent criticism, possibly make so poor a comment! This passage certainly does not in the least prove that there ever was such a nymph, but only that Procris imagined there was.

Had he remembered Shakespear, he would have known, that

*"Trifles light as air, are, to the jealous,
Confirmations strong,"* etc.

119. Mr. Spence is shamefully mistaken in another passage too. He says that the Hamadryads were not reputed by the poets to have been the souls of particular trees, but the nymphs of the woods in general.

But these latter were always distinguished by the title of Dryads,—from whence Druids,——and the former were only thought to be the lives of trees.

120. The seeing an object distinctly, with one eye, and the not seeing it double with two, must appear to be an unaccountable circumstance in vision.——The same philosophical question may be applied to hearing.

121. What scolds must women have been deemed from the beginning, when all the familiars, the familiares, or female genii, were styled Junones?

122. I was acquainted once with a gallant soldier, who assured me that his only measure of courage was this:

Upon the first fire, in an engagement, he immediately looked upon himself as a dead man. He then bravely fought out the remainder of the day, perfectly re-

gardless of all manner of danger, as becomes a dead man to be.

So that all the life or limbs he carried back again to his tent, he reckoned as clear gains--or, as he himself expressed it, so much out of the fire.

123. A man is shorter, standing up, than lying along. He is certainly near six lines, or about half an inch, longer, in bed, than when up.

124. Peculiarities in Clarke's Latin grammar:

He reckons but seven parts of speech, leaving out the pronoun and participle, and substituting the adjective for both.

He admits only five cases of nouns, rejecting the vocative.—His reason for this is curious.—See the note, page 1.

The order of his cases too stands thus:—Nominative, accusative, genitive, dative, and ablative.

125. About the middle of the thirteenth century, and in the pontificate of Gregory the Ninth, a curious incident happened.

Count Gleichen was taken prisoner, in an engagement against the Saracens, and condemned to slavery. He was employed

at work in the gardens of the seraglio, and happened to be taken notice of by the Sultan's daughter.— —She found out that he was a person of distinction, conceived a passion for him, and offered to contrive his escape, if he would marry her.

He honestly told her that he had a wife already. She replied, that she made no manner of scruple of that circumstance, as the custom of her country allowed men a plurality. Upon these terms then they agreed, and had the fortune to get safe together to Venice. He hastened to Rome, made Gregory acquainted with the particulars of the story, and, upon promise to make Miss Saracen turn Catholic, obtained a dispensation to keep both wives.

The first wife was so much rejoiced at recovering her husband upon any conditions, that she acquiesced in the articles, and shewed herself grateful, in the highest instance, to his fair deliverer. The story mentions another unnatural circumstance also in this matter—that the Saracen had no children, but shewed a mother's fondness towards those of her rival.— —What

pity that she did not leave some of her breed behind her!

At Gleichen they still continue to shew the bed in which they all three used to sleep peaceably together—which, for that reason, might more properly be styled the grave.

They were all buried in the same tomb, in the church of the Peterſberg Benedictines, and lie under a stone, with this epitaph, which the count, who outlived them both, ordered to be inscribed upon it:

“Here lie the bodies of two rival wives, who, with unparalleled affection, loved each other as sisters, and me extremely.—The one fled from Mahomet, to follow her husband—the other was willing to embrace the spouse she had recovered.—United by the ties of matrimonial love, we had, when living, but one nuptial bed; and, in our deaths, only one marble to cover us.”

126. Plato describes two Cupids—a celestial and a terrestrial one.—Perhaps he meant thus to divide the ancient opinion of the two urchins, who are said one to cause, and the other to cease, love—or,

more likely, to distinguish Platonic love from the natural one.

127. Sir Francis Bacon says, the muses are in league together with time, and preserve the privileges of the golden age—Poetry subsists after states and empires are lost. The poet's life unites safety with dignity, pleasure with merit—I wish I could add, profit also—and bestows admiration without envy. It places a man in the feast, and not in the throng—in the light, but not in the heat.

128. It was said, very justly, and refinedly, by a lady, mentioned in one of Swift's letters, that in men, desire begets love—and in woman, love begets desire.

129. *Quid tam dignum misericordia, quam miser?*

130. *I pensieri firetti, ed il viso sciolto,* was Sir Harry Wootton's advice through life.

131. In *Comus*, speaking of midnight shout and revelry, upon joyful occasions, Milton justly says, “they thanked the gods amiss.”

132. A man must be born a schoolmaster. He must be more or less than man, says

Le Sage, in his Bachelor of Salamanca, to preserve his patience.

133. It is surprising that there should be persons on the face of the earth, who love themselves so little, as to fret at every thing, to be constantly out of humour, and set the whole world against them.

134. I have long ceased to wonder at all the operations of Nature, except one. Take a seed of a fruit tree, or a flower; cut it to pieces, or bruise it in a mortar, and you will perceive but one colour in it. Sow another grain of the same kind, and it shall produce flowers or fruits, containing every tint in the rainbow.

The lynx-eyed philosopher may persuade himself, that he 'spies the future tree, or flower, in the present seed—but he can never persuade me, that he sees, or foresees, their future colours there.

There appears to be something more here, I confess, than mere second causes, requisite to account for such a phenomenon.

135. In a French book I was reading some time ago, I met with a stupid exercise of wit, of which I give you here a specimen, merely because it is new, in a

distich of French verse, wrote in the following manner:

O c---! d---- à m-- a---- d-- f----- f-----,
P--- p----- f----- d-- d----- f- c-----.

Another, in Latin verse.

O m--- t-- l----- m----- p--- u----- v-----,
S-----, e- q----- f-- e--- t-- d----- f----!

Another, in English.

F--- f--- m--- g---, t-- i----- a----- c---;
A-- f-- u----- t---, t-- d----- r-----.

If you have nothing else to do, try to puzzle these out. It will be better than drinking or falling asleep, or fretting because you have not a thousand pounds a-year.

136. The following inscription, taken from Aldersgate, is a conceit of the same kind with the former— —but much more foolish, because more ingenious and difficult. The language is Latin.

Qu an tris di c vul stra
os guis ti ro um nere vit.
H san chri mi t mu la

If you have a turn for riddling, I shall

leave you to amuse yourself with the above laborious dullness, after you have dispatched the former carrity-witchets.

137. I knew a common fellow once who had been born a fool.—He was an excellent labourer, and, barring accidents, the best verbal messenger in the country where he lived.

While he was receiving his instructions, he used always to hold one hand on the opposite ear, lest the directions should steal through it—and the instant you had done, he would clap his other hand upon the listening ear, and run off with the story to the person appointed to receive it.

But if, by accident, he happened to fall, or was any otherwise obliged to take off either of his hands from his ears, he immediately lost all remembrance of the message, and would return back, crying for fresh instructions.

138. The best account for the belief of miracles has been given by Gil Blas.—He says, that “the marvellous strikes the imagination; and when once that has been gained over, the judgment has no longer fair play.”

139. A curious sentence I once met with, I don't know where—" *Mundus ipse, qui ob antiquitatem deberet esse sapiens, semper stultizat, et nullis flagellis alteratur; sed, ut puer, vult rosis et floribus coronari.*"

140. *Vitam regit fortuna, non sapientia*— — This is a very bad moral, and I wonder how the author of Tully's Offices could suffer it to escape him.

141. Lycurgus, in order to confirm his establishment for ever, took a journey to Delphos, on pretence of consulting the oracle; first obliging the king, senate and people, in an oath, not to alter the state till his return.

He then retired into voluntary exilement for life.—What a deal of virtue and simplicity must they have had in those days!

142. *Ex sensibus ante caetera homini tactus, deinde gustatus—reliquis superatur a multis—Aquilae clarius cernunt—Vultures sagacius odorantur— —liquidius audiunt Talpae, obrutae terra.* Plin. Nat. Hist.

143. Maria is the only woman in the world whom smiles become not. She is

beautiful when grave, but looks like an idiot whenever she laughs.

If I was her lover, I should be constantly picking of quarrels with her, in order to preserve my constancy.—For the maxim of *amantium ira*, etc. is most peculiarly applicable here.

144. How imperfect must the state of orthography have been, when there was no more difference between the numerals that express four and two hundred, than 7 and 7!

145. Homer, Hesiod, Aesop, the Seven Wise Masters, as they are styled, and the Sybils, were all born under the Assyrian, called the first monarchy.

146. Had all possible musical tones been exhausted by Nature, that she was forced to suffer the raven to croak, the owl to screech, the peacock to scream, and the hog to grunt or squeel?

147. The Emperour Adrian, who wrote the familiar verses to his soul, and was a person of surprizing knowledge and literature, for a king, preferred Cato to Cicero, and Ennius to Virgil.

148. Septimius Severus, the nineteenth

Roman emperor, died at York, in Great Britain.

There was something most remarkably amiable in his person. His son Caracalla attempted to slay him, just after he had declared him his successor, but was prevented by his guards.

The good old man resented only, but revenged not, the intended parricide; and, retiring into his palace, fell ill immediately, and died of grief.

I admire the philosophy in him that forgave, but more love the nature in him that felt.

149. Constantius, the last of the Pagan Roman emperours, and father of Constantine the Great, died also at York.

150. Heliogabalus, though a sad dog, instituted one very favourable, and therefore just, law—which was the establishing a female jurisdiction, to sit in judgment upon all trials relative to the sex.

I think that such a supplement is much wanted in our own constitution. How can a female culprit be said to be tried by her peers, without a female jury? But upon all indictments for ravishment, particular-

ly, I would have women only impanelled.—For the business, upon such occasions, ought undoubtedly to be, rather to examine the accuser, than to try the accused.

Now, girls often give themselves great airs about being ravished, though nothing might have been farther from their thoughts at the time. They might perhaps have been so, in a natural sense, though not in a legal one—which is all I pretend to contend for. And how is it possible for a man, or even twelve men, to declare upon their consciences, under which of these predicaments the evidence might have laboured?

Women then, most certainly, must be the best judges in these mysteries of the *bona dea*, and can quicklier discover whether the testimony arise from a spirit of chastity, of extortion, or extenuation of the juror's own frailty. And a man ought only to be condemned upon the first category.—For, if the fact itself should be thought sufficient to convict him, his holiness the Pope himself must infallibly suffer.

151. In the fourteenth century, one Ni-

colao Gabrini di Rienzi, one of the lowest of the people of Rome, had spirit and ambition enough to conceive a design of compassing the sovereignty of the city — and without money, friends, alliances, or military force, by the mere dint of oratory and perseverance, he did at length effectually obtain his object, and arrived also to such a pitch of power and influence, as to awe several of the potentates of Europe, and to be admitted an arbitrator of kingdoms.

152. Even so late as near the beginning of the sixteenth century, a certain priest, having met with this passage, in some Greek author, ὁ νῆς ἐστὶν αὐλός, *mens humana immaterialis est*, and finding, in his Lexicon that αὐλός signified a flute or pipe, brought no less than fifteen arguments, in an academical exercise, to prove the human soul to be a whistle.

153. Henry the Fourth, emperor of Germany, received the imperial diadem from the hands of Pope Celestine — who after he had placed it on his head, while he was on his knees, kicked it off again

with his sacred toe, to shew his authority over the kings of the earth.

154. The Jews sent legates to Oliver Cromwell, to know whether he was not the true Messiah.

155. Pope Julius the Second was reading the Bible, when an account was brought him of his troops being beaten by the French.—Upon which he threw down the book on the floor, out of resentment to the partiality of Heaven.

156. The name of France is a reproach to the nation. It was derived from a people who were denominated Franks, from the remarkable spirit of liberty for which they had been distinguished.

But after they had so poorly succumbed to arbitrary sway, the ancient name of Gaul would better have become them— and the dunghill, not the game-cock, should be their ensign.

157. Stephen Barthorius, a king of Poland, said, that God had reserved three things to himself—the power of creation, the knowledge of future events and the dominion over our consciences.

158. The Romans were a wicked people

in their public policy, though virtuous in their private morals. They made use of the basest, most oppressive, and most cruel methods of aggrandizing their empire — — by subjecting all their neighbours to the yoke first, and then, by the help of slaves of their own making, extending their tyranny over the rest of the world. The *punica fides* of the Carthaginians was never so great, as the faithlessness and treachery of the Romans.

159. Ancient Rome rendered herself mistress — — which is worse than master — — of the world, under her consuls, by the same methods that she continued so afterwards under her popes.

The good of the commonwealth, was the former pretext — — and the good of the church, was the latter one. These being the first principles, to which all others were to be subordinate, whatever vice, falsehood, or oppression, that could favour either of these dominions, were considered as public virtue, or pious fraud.

160. It was lucky, and worthy of remark, that just when the Greek and Roman story had risen to the highest pitch of

personal heroism, glory, virtue, and example——and that history had been in full possession of the facts—their languages should fall suddenly into corruption and decay, by the destruction of their empires, so as to become dead ones.

It is by this means that they have obtained to become classical studies, and we read their authors universally, or universally, at least, with pleasure and improvement—which it had been impossible to have done, had those tongues, like the living ones, continued still to have been altered, commixed, or enriched, and so have become obsolete, as they must have done, long before the aera when they were first established as a study in the European colleges.

161. Boyle, in his Seraphic Love, says, “Our Saviour is so near unto God, that he might well have said, *I and the father are one.*”—By which he seems to have thought, that Christ spoke only figuratively in such expressions.

Boyle had studied the scriptures, both as a commentator and divine. Nay, in the beginning of the twentieth section of

his very work, he expressly says, that he had taken some "pains in the study of controversial divinity."

His abilities were great, and his sense of religion warm—so that, both as an enthusiast and a theologist, he would probably have delivered himself more Athanasianly, if he had not been restrained, both as a metaphysician and an expositor.

162. Lewis the thirteenth took particular notice of De Retz, afterwards cardinal, for his generosity and virtue, in placing a girl in a convent, who had been sold to him by her mother; as also for his bravery, in desiring his atagonist to take up his sword again, which he had dropt, on his foot slipping in a duel with him.

The attending to such instances, of magnanimity and virtue, in private life, is the being a king. This is the only way that a monarchy can be said to be preferable to a commonwealth.

As this is the most charming prerogative with which princes are endued, I am surpris'd that they are not fond of exerting

it oftener than they do, during their abundant leisure.— —For, like Lucretius's gods, they generally leave the affairs of the world to take care of themselves, under the agency of but second-best causes—or the direction of chance, not choice—and their ministers take care, or don't take care, of all the business of state, without ever troubling them—till after it is done— —or undone.

163. Doctor Young said, that Pope had put Achilles into petticoats again— —alluding, I suppose, to his first disguise among the daughters of Lycomedes, and to the fetters of rhyme.

164. What has surprised me most in history, is, to read of so few kings who have abdicated their thrones—not above a dozen or two at the most!

165. I shirted myself this morning the moment I got out of bed—There happened to be a large bier glass just before me, which exposed me to myself, stark naked. I had never, in all my life, seen such a sight before.

I am subject to reflections, and stood, for near a minute, philosophizing on my

figure, with my arms a kimbo, resembling, both in shape and complexion, one of your new-fashioned brown Dutch tea kitchens—but alas! without a salamander.

Upon a close scrutiny on all my parts, I could fairly account for every inch, member, or circumstance about me, except my nipples.—The horse, the bull, the ram—nor even the baboon, which comes nearest to man—have them not.—No other male animal of the creation is incumbered with such parts, as actually appear to be of no more use to me than they are to the lady mothers, mentioned in chapter xxxiii.

166. A solution of the three riddles mentioned in number 135.

*O ciel! donne à mon cœur des forces
suffisantes,*

*Pour pouvoir supporter des douleurs si
cuisantes.*

*O mihi tam longae maneat pars ultima
vitae,*

*Spiritus, et quantum sat erit tua dicere
facta!*

*Fear first made gods, the impious atheist
cries,
And fear unmade them, the divine re-
plies.*

You can easily see the contrivance of it.—The initials only of each word are set down, and a dot made for every letter in it.

I here make a present of this mystery to the public, for the benefit of the press. It will be a much better method of designing names that one dares not print out, than the common way of A—, B—, etc.

As for example, Suppose you had been abusing a corrupt minister till you were tired—but indeed, right or wrong, they are all abused—and then were to conclude your spite, with saying, The man I mean is S—h,—how readily might one mistake this for Sandwich? But were it wrote thus, S-----, the obloquy would be obviated—nor would the candid public suffer malignity to avail itself of the old quibble, *h non est litera*——while the decypherer would soon end the dispute, by construing it into Sejanus.

167. An explanation of the inscription in number 136:

*Quos anguis tristi diro cum vulnere
stravit,*

*Hos sanguis Christi miro tum munere
lavit.*

By comparing these two passages together, you may see how artfully the middle line of the former is made up from parts of the first, which serve equally to answer to the fragments of the latter.— — *Difficiles nugae.*

168. Female vanity. — — Even Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, is said to have cast away her pipe, upon being told by her maids of honour, that it used to discompose her features—and would never suffer herself to be served, as all the other goddesses had so notoriously been, for fear of spoiling her shape.

169. A friend of mine once had conceived a particular aversion to persons who had been born with red hair. He carried this strange prejudice to an extravagant length. He used to say, that he could never confide in a friend or a mistress of this com-

plexion—for that the men were false, and women frisky.

An instance or two of this kind had determined his philosophy, with as much reason as the jockey, in an old story, had for the reverse—who having once met with a good horse, who happened to be cropt-eared, pronounced that cropt-eared horses were naturally good.—A barber too recommended white-hafted razors from the same experience.

Red hair is only a sign—if it be any sign at all—of warm or lively affections; and operates according to the ruling passion, of love, religion, ambition, play, revenge, etc.—which differs equally both in men and women of all complexions. And I have always found more virtue in warm affections, than in lukewarm ones.— — Warm passions may be tempered, but cold ones can never be brought to *seeth*.

170. In the Passion, painted by Michael Angelo, the Virgin is finely described, according to her peculiar circumstances—though certainly most absurdly, under the general idea of such a situation.

She stands unmoved, and looking on the

sufferings of her Son, without grief, without pity, without regret, without tears—because she is supposed to have known that the event was to be finally happy.

What different opinions must a Christian and a Mussulman form of this piece?

171. *Nunc itaque et versus, et caetera ludicra pono;*

*Quod verum, atque decens, curo, et rogo,
et omnis in hoc sum.*

HOR. EPIST.

I met lately with the following lines, which are, in sense, and almost in words, the very same with the former:

*Hic igitur versus, et caetera ludicra pono;
Quod verum, atque bonum est, inquiero,
et totus in hoc sum.*

The author of the latter lines was not quoted, in the passage from whence I have taken them—which was the Lemma to the Idyllia of Theocritus, translated by Creech. So that I cannot determine which might have been the plagiarist, by comparing their different aeras.

Is not this a precious morsel for the cri-

fics? Let me conjecture about it. My opinion is, that Creech meant to have quoted Horace; and his memory failing him, he might have supplied the verse out of his own head—as is frequently the case, in repeating without book.

My reason is this—Creech translated Horace, though badly; but must certainly have remembered the above passage in him—and I cannot suppose that he would have taken worse lines to the same purpose from any other writer.

Now the *verum*, *atque bonum*, in the latter distich, are, in strictness of philosophy, the same thing.—But there is a beautiful distinction between the *verum*, *atque decens*, in the first lines. Horace joins manners with morals, and adds good-breeding to virtue.

Perhaps the anonymous lines above quoted may be in Lucretius—I have read but little of him—from whom Horace is said to have borrowed not only his principles of the Epicurean philosophy, but to have taken several passages out of his writings—among which this may possibly be one that he has improved.

Creech translated both of these authors, and might naturally be supposed to have been partial to the one which he had the best success with.

172. "As obstinate as a pig in an entry." This would have been a fitter simile for Homer to have applied to Ajax or Diomedes—Which is it? for I will not take the trouble to look, though the Iliad lies now on my table.

Madame Dacier defends the allusion to the ass, in such a way as deserves not a serious answer.—She had much better have agreed with Horace, and have ranked that simile under the head of

Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.

173. Aristotle's Art of Poetry is the best esteemed piece of criticism among the ancients. How came he to excel both Horace and Vida, though better poets, and who had also the advantage of studying him before they wrote?

Because they only copied him—but he had copied Nature.—All his rules, as Pere Rapin says, are but nature methodized, or reason reduced to art.

174. Some of the altitudes or depths of philosophy, are, to doubt our senses, to discredit our own existence, and to require impossible demonstrations for self-evident propositions.

175. The philosopher, I think it was Des Cartes, who, after a world of deep reflection, said, "*Cogito, ergo sum*," might as well have said, *dubito* at first, and have deduced his *ergo* from thence at once.—For, in this case, to doubt is to be certain.

176. See the account of the plays, styled the Mysteries, described in the preface to Don Quixote.

Cervantes ridicules penances and priestcraft throughout——but knows not where to stop.—The whipping of Sancho, for the disenchantment of Dulcinea, and the twitching and pinking him for the resurrection of Altifidora, are profane allusions.

In the latter manoeuvre, when one of the executioners pinches his face, he cries out, "Your fingers smell of vinegar."—"And they gave him a sponge, dipt in vinegar, to drink."

In his last volume, chapters XVII. and

XIX. he has a stroke at the church, who will not redeem or absolve gratis, as their master did. Why slept the holy inquisition all this while?

177. I have seen whole volumes wrote against the real presence, to prove that matter was not capable of ubiquity—and as many more, not to prove that it was.

This is the way that libraries are filled! or rather stuffed.—I approve greatly of Master Triglyph's scheme for one, in chapter XCV. of the Triumvirate—though possibly my own works might have been excluded from it.

178. By the canon law, if a cardinal be accused of fornication, there must be a septuagint of witnesses to prove it—So that he must kiss a girl at the market-cross, at least, to be convicted.—How many more would be requisite to convict a pope?

179. Socrates has framed an allegory, for pleasure, as allied to pain, that resembles Scriblerus's description of the Lindamira-Indamoro.—For though their faces are turned different ways, there is no enjoying one, without communicating with the other.

180. Sir Francis Bacon — — It is enough just to mention his name only, to shew how well entitled he was to remembrance here — both on account of his greatness and littleness,

“The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.”

181. The ancient philosophy materialized spirit, and the modern, in order to be even with it, has spiritualized matter. — What extremes are men liable to run into, who depart one line from common sense!

182. We ridicule the Irish, for saying kilt for killed. — But their authority bears no less a name than Spenser.

183. *Tam deest avaro quod habet, quam quod non habet.*

184. *Quantâ laboras in Charybdi!
Digne puer meliore flammâ.*

HOR. Lib. I. Od. 27.

How was it possible for Horace, or no Horace, to be guilty of such a confusion figure, as to say that a person was drown-

ing, in one line, and worthy of a better flame in another?

This was going through fire and water for a metaphor, with two witnesses.

185. Among the unaccountable deliriums of human nature, there was a man, mentioned in ancient history, who fancied that he had got some of Aristophanes's frogs in his belly, crying, *Brecè, ekeæ, coax, oop, oop.*

186. "*— — — —when, O dire omen!
I found my weapon had the arras pierc'd,
Just where the fatal tale was interwoven,
How the unhappy Theban slew his father.*"

ORPHAN.

What had the fatal tale of Oedipus to do with the peculiarity of Chamont's situation? If he must have a dire omen— — though I see no reason for any imagery here at all—he had better have framed his allusion upon the Roman story,

Where the infatuate brother slew his sister;

for this he was fierce enough to have done himself, had he found her guilty.

187. Doctor Russel says, that a woman

may have milk, without being pregnant, or having had a child.

188. I am in possession of a faculty, at any time I please, of communicating a sensible pleasure to myself, without action, idea, or reflection—by simple volition merely.—The sensation is in a degree between feeling and titillation, and resembles the thrilling which permeates the joints of the body, upon stretching and yawning.

189. Crabs, lobsters, toads, serpents, and other animals, have been found inclosed alive, and in full vigour, in compact oak, and in solid stone.

So that it appears there are creatures formed by nature for respiration, which yet can subsist, without air, in a preternatural state.

Were I to have limited myself solely to such extraordinary mysteries in natural philosophy as these, I could have supplied this part of my work entirely, without having applied to any other resort. But I thought that a greater variety, under the general head of *Memorabilia*, might have been more amusing to my readers.

However, I think that I have furnished the speculation of the curious with instances sufficient, in this latter class, to hint to infidels, that the common and obvious course of nature comprehends not all the powers of Providence.

Qui studet, orat.

This I have said, somewhere, before—
but it can never be too often repeated by

Your affectionate humble servant,

TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO.

F I N I S.



THE H. O. A. N.

However, I think that I have furnished
a full and complete view of the various
aspects of the subject, and I am
satisfied that the committee will find
the results of my researches to be
of considerable value.

Yours very truly,
J. H. A. N.

THE H. O. A. N.

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